

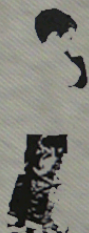
THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL

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about Generational Deception

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DELANTE



the sprite into the pixel



auto
spied



1x01. Pitfall enamorado.

12-11-10...

Se recibe una anomalía en NOAH.

Durante un rastreo masivo de datos

Según tareas de inspección rutinaria,

Los escáneres filtran un ruido.

El agente Nowbody bromea.

Hay cierta similitud entre esta perturbación y el sprite de Pitfall,

Rememorando los arcade clásicos de su infancia.

Una sonrisa acompaña a esta broma,

Como un bonus extra, según la casualidad

Quiere que el ruido sea descubierto

En el contexto sobre-explotado

De una reproducción de la Mona Lisa.

Algo queda escondido en secreto,

Por este desplazamiento

De la similitud a la somatitud.

Y el simpático Jefe Final, de momento,

Decide considerar este caso,

Nada más

Que una posible pareidolia.



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1x02. Algo hace Pong en la memoria de Marilyn.

Feminidad es la madre de todo misterio.
Y una nueva anomalía aparece filtrada,
En alguna imagen pixelada de Marilyn
Reproducida de una copia de Warhol.
Mientras Nowbody insiste en considerar el fenómeno,
El agente Ivanhof desestima la opción,
Como siempre.
No cabe encontrar un sprite en un pixel.
Pues el pixel es la mínima medida para crear sprites.
Según argumenta ivanhof, es como si Nowbody
Considera posible un reverso del universo informativo.
Como sin en el plano físico los átomos
Pudieran estar hechos de moléculas.
Imposible.
Reconcentrarse en el consenso,
Se fija como objetivo.
Y el Jefe Final guarda silencio sobre este dilema absurdo.
Aunque ello convierta a la redundancia
En moneda de cambio.
Y se inserte una nueva
En la máquina de este juego.



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1x03. Pre-re-profanación de Abu Simbel.

Una vez: coincidencia. Dos: Patrón. Tres veces: Programa.
Así funciona la lógica militar.
Y todas las luces rojas se encienden de repente,
Cuando el equipo de análisis liderado por Nowbody
Descubre una nueva anomalía con forma de sprite,
Entre información pixelada aleatoriamente.
Lo que no puede ser parece estar pasando.
Y un primer vistazo sugiere
todo tipo de meta-consideraciones.
Se sumerge más y más allá
De su propia existencia tecnológica,
Hasta hacer posible la propia creencia.
En otras palabras, el nuevo ruido
Aparentemente similar a la forma de un sprite,
Se revela en una reproducción de un antiguo papiro egipcio.
Lo que sinceramente podemos considerar,
Por decirlo con palabras del Jefe Final,
“La jodida evidencia definitiva que andamos buscando.”
Esta vez la anomalía no sólo muestra una forma bien clara,
Sino un obvio deseo incluso de apelación irónica
A forzar los límites del helado humor de quien la descubra,
Aunque sea en forma de una simple mala broma.
Quién, Cómo, Cuándo, Por qué,
Y todas las más básicas preguntas en su expresión más radical,
Gasolina aquí y ahora para potenciar la historia.
Pues el Jefe Final va a tomar alguna decisión,
Según el propio derecho que detenta a asumir su papel,
Por la ilusión del poder investido, al que por un casual,
Parece encontrarse en la cima
Como encarnación viviente del ojo de un destino



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1x04. Entreartiscontaminamiento.

Aparece el artista. Sorprendentemente, el Jefe Final
Decide incorporar un nuevo miembro,
Al equipo de análisis liderado por Nowbody.
Lo que pueda aportar un pintor
Para contribuir a mejorar conclusiones
Surgidas de un altamente sofisticado equipo de análisis,
Todavía está por descubrirse.
Pero así acostumbra el Jefe Final a tomar decisiones,
Y ésta es sólo otra más.
Sólo la última de una larga y desafiante serie.
Como sea, mientras tanto,
Nuevos sprites se han descubierto en Las Meninas de Velázquez.
Y el equipo apenas tiene tiempo para seguir buscando.
Analizando antiguos datos según la rutina,
De su almacenamiento constantemente renovado.
La feminidad parece estar en juego, de nuevo.
Quizás cerrando la imagen precedente,
Con una de sus más bizarras representaciones.
También el pintor se autorretrata.
Pero por esconder el ser objeto de sí mismo
Se muestra sólo a través un espejo, que no es de su propiedad.
Y quizás esta explicación ya incluye
El papel total del nuevo miembro del equipo,
En el conjunto de la historia.
Tan cifrado como la intuición fuerza al hombre mono
A insistir en la diferencia entre Bien y Mal
Hasta entenderlas lógicamente como
Permutaciones correlativas de Ciencia y Arte.
Y en algún sitio de este camino,
Según se presiente bloqueado y cuadrado,
De repente hace un sprite de sí mismo.
Y entra un nivel nuevo, de su propio juego.



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1x05. La Sistina de pantalla partida.

Desde la primera anomalía encontrada en la Mona Lisa pixelada,
El inventario sugiere que es tiempo de escanear.
Otra paradigmática obra maestra y... ¡Pengo!
La creación de Adán de Miguel Ángel
Revela algunos sprites cifrados
Más allá de toda absurda coincidencia,
De acuerdo con Nowbody.
Altamente influenciado por los últimos descubrimientos
Y quién sabe sin entrando quizás,
En alguna espiral descendente
De enfebrecida paranoia.
El equipo no puede admitir que haya una mente maestra
Detrás de este juego loco.
Capaz incluso de anticipar
La sorprendida reacción de los analistas,
Según se enfrentan al toque creativo
Entre los dedos de dios y adán.
Convertidos en un fantasma del que pacman escapa.
Sería algo demasiado grosero, para un esfuerzo tan sofisticado.
Pero así es. Y lo mismo sucede con este molesto pintor.
Que insiste en razones estéticas
Para explicar este tonto misterio
Fuera de toda lógica racional.
Y quizás después de todo,
Lo más molesto de cuanto sucede
Es la obligación de convenir la pertinencia
De mantener consecuentemente abierta la necesidad
De considerar el trasfondo de su florido remarcamiento.
Como algún camino transversal de otro posible análisis.
Aunque en lo más profundo de su ser interno, Nowbody lo maldiga.
Y de mala manera lo condene.



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1x06. Collagpso.

Nowbody informa a su gente más cercana
Sobre la reunión en la oficina del Jefe Final.
Estuvo centrada en la necesidad
De reconsiderar su decisión
Sobre la incorporación del artista al equipo.
"No tiene sentido.
Sólo porque el objeto de estudio parezca recaer
Recurrentemente en piezas de arte,
No hay razón para reproducir esas imágenes,
¡Pintándolas!"
El Jefe Final escucha a Nowbody
Con inescrutable expresión en su rostro.
Como pixelándole lo que piensa. "Entiendo que hay siempre
algo útil en cualquier nueva variable, y ahora sabemos..."
"Ahora sabemos el extremo rango de rica desviación,
capaz de emerger desde una reflexión neutral,
para proyectarse en una creación destructiva, y viceversa..."
"Pero ya sabes, es obvio. Simplemente no encaja".
El jefe final permite que Nowbody se explique,
Tanto como necesite.
Y entonces le muestra el último trabajo del artista.
Una reproducción pintada de una imagen pixelada,
De una obra maestra de la pintura.
"Lo sé Nowbody..."
"Todo lo que dices tiene sentido."
"Y he estado sopesando seriamente
Dar marcha atrás a mi decisión..."
"Pero sabes... Por favor, mira esto."
El dedo del Jefe Final apunta a un pequeño cuadrado azul.
Un sencillo pixel de la composición pintada por el artista.
"Mira esto Nowbody"... "¿Lo ves?"
Nowbody centra su mirada en el pequeño punto,
Intentando descubrir alguna pista oculta,
Pero no ve nada.
Y el Jefe final declara sentenciosamente,
"Por un momento quise ver
el cielo entero dentro de él".



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1x07. Miedo de un agujero negro y cuadrado.

Un agujero negro y cuadrado se traga robots dubitativos,
Mientras lo enmarcan desde un distante punto de vista,
Según caen hacia la singularidad.
Como dibujando en un sprite, la división entre universos.
Es una vieja imagen para asustar a niños mecánicos.
Que no quieren desenchufarse cuando llega la noche.
La Red vela por todos ellos.
Pero esto es algo que sólo se aprende,
A través de una experiencia mensual de salvación.
Y este programa es suplido invariablemente,
Una vez al día por noticias.
Sobre un recurrente terrorismo de Big Bang.
El ritmo no debe ser forzado.

La mente de Nowbody ha sido forzada.
Su lógica violada por las razones del arte.
Su orden físico cruzado e interrumpido,
Y manchado por cubos de pintura acrílica.
NOAH vela por todos nosotros,
Para que podamos dormir sobre un sentimiento de seguridad.
Nowbody se siente desenchufado.
Su confianza en el Jefe Final rota,
Por su falta de sensibilidad hacia cualquier aproximación estándar.
¿Se ha vuelto loco? ¿Nos está probando?
¿Es un test doméstico?
¿Nos está domesticando?
¿No es nada de esto y estoy equivocado,
Y no puedo entender por qué?
¿Tengo un problema?
¿Y el artista? ¿Es un topo de tipo mole-cu-lar?
¿Está en el equipo para sabotearnos con su sola presencia?
¿Es la palabra un arma disruptiva,
Suficiente para destruir la integridad,
Por la fuerza de la propia opinión?
Se suceden sentimientos virales.
Cuando la falta de necesidad simulada
Se convierte en un tema central.

Tragándose robots dubitativos.
Como un agujero negro y cuadrado.
Pintado en la mente de niños mecánicos.
Sean capaces de desenchufarse a sí mismos.
Para descansar en paz.
hasta que vengan las piezas del mañana.
Con nuevos circuitos del mismo viejo mundo de
siempre.
Donde el Jefe final, repentinamente,
Piensa en secreto que el ritmo,
Deberá ser forzado.

1x08. Imágenes auto-acuñadas se recuperan en el área de Tassili.

La secuencia de pulsos de la cinta,
Descifra ceros y unos, por una modulación
Simple y fiable, sin una tasa de reloj constante.
Durante el proceso de carga,
El borde emite un flash,
Con rayas amarillas y azules para los bloques de datos.
Diferentes mensajes descargan información,
Y detalles sobre el tipo de archivo.
Un mensaje de error de carga termina el evento,
Al desconectarse el filtro de audio.
La revelación se ha abortado.
Se encuentra un sprite en la reproducción pixelada de una pintura rupestre.
Nuestro artista redundantemente enigmático,
No se ensuciará las manos acrílico esta vez.
Para simular la técnica, usará sangre real.
De algún lugar antiguo: El del crimen literal.
Es todo demasiado bizarro. La conspiración parece demasiado vieja.
La sospecha se vuelve ridícula en este punto, casi una broma.
Todos espían a todos en la granja.
El Jefe Final parece disfrutar de la situación.
No es real. Es un bluff. Da miedo...
Hoy Nowbody intentó levantarse para ir a trabajar.
Pero su mente se interrumpió, como la carga de algún juego de Spectrum.
Así que se tira a la cama otra vez.
El filtro de audio recibe el sonido de un gatillo. Un disparo,
Pero en esta ocasión, la debilidad fue una ventaja.

Nowbody huye rápidamente.
Una secuencia de pulsos en su corazón.
Su cerebro descifra ceros y unos por una modulación,
Simple y fiable sin una tasa de reloj constante.
Durante el proceso de huida, Su vista percibe flashes
Con rayas amarillas y azules para los bloques de datos.
Diferentes mensajes descargan información,
Y detalles sobre el peligro.
Que ahora sabe real, y se siente mejor.
La revelación ha tenido lugar. No más cargas simuladas
Cuando el juego tiene lugar en la tierra de Dios.
Por favor Nowbody, corre en la dirección correcta.
Pues no otro scroll que el de izquierda a derecha
Podría satisfacer el capricho de los Nephilim.
Los acuñadores de moneda,
De algún olvidado Jefe Inicial.

1x09. Una opinión regular conlleva una pregunta circular.

Escondido, Nobody intenta unir los puntos.

Componer la figura.

El Jefe Final aparece vinculado invariablemente al artista.

Y el artista está vinculado a un gran signo de interrogación.

Los sprites son pistas,

Por la suerte de falta expresada en la baja fidelidad,

A pesar de que el HD parece ser el paradigma dominante.

Porque cuando no puedes contar todos los granos de arena,

Los píxeles son la forma de hacer transitable

El desierto del significado.

Así que el arte pixelado, es el camino

Para cruzar el desierto a la luz de una gran pregunta.

El artista lo reproduce todo.

Así es como traza el mapa surgido de su vinculación con el Poder.

¿Y cómo coexiste el artista con la pregunta?

Dispersa su efecto sobre la Historia.

Fertiliza el tiempo conforme se deshace de él.

Es la puerta siempre abierta,

Para evitar la tendencia del Presente

A disfrazarse de campo de juego de dioses y héroes,

En el tópico cotidiano.

Que es truco del Poder actual para perpetuarse,

Por un escenario tecnológico apantallado

Y altamente detallado.

Así que el artista debe ser el necesario obstáculo

Para evitar convertirme en mi propio enemigo.

Y si así es mi beneficosa némesis,

Es mi misión destruirle

Para serle agradecido.

El artista es mi ruina, es mi deber eliminarlo,

El artista es mi bendición.

La destrucción es mi deber, incluso con más ahínco,

Para enviar a los dioses la única respuesta real

Que pueden entender, para encontrar,

Que los mensajes cifrados en sprites han sido recogidos.

Porque ahora no hay dilema al vestirse el momento,

De un veredicto de segura culpabilidad. Mientras un nuevo sprite

Aparece en un Pantocrátor pixelado. El Jefe Final será satisfecho.

Totalmente, de la única manera en que podría serlo.

Como siempre hemos sabido. que debía ser:

Por medio de asesinato.

1x10. Formas caníbales para huir de Laberintófago.

El Jefe Final telefonea a una Alta AutoriFidelidad. Nowbody elige arma.
El artista está más cerca del centro. Retira capas innecesarias,
Pues la ley nunca requirió de detalles añadidos
Para legitimar el escribirse en letra mayúsculas.
Capital es el castigo ensombreciendo de movimientos
Convergentes en una pregunta con forma de sprite,
Que da a los pasos de Nowbody una luz
Como de Ángel Vengador.
El artista pinta un monstruo que devora a su propio hijo.
El Jefe final siente una alineación paterna,
De sentimiento jupiterino por todos los que tiene a su cargo.
Las estrellas describen la historia sólo a sus iniciados.
Nowbody espía al artista, presto para dispararle.
El artista contesta una llamada, mientras apuntan a su cabeza.
El artista dice que “todo está bajo control. El Jefe Final será derrotado.”
Es un traidor.
El dedo va a apretar el gatillo,
Pues la conversación demuestra que el artista es un topo.
El artista dice que Nowbody lo está haciendo bien.
Esa variable de la ecuación está perfectamente calculada.
Así que parece dispuesto a sacrificarse en cuanto haga falta.
La información encriptada en los sprites,
Sera preservada al mostrar sus cuadros como un velo de histórico engaño.
Nowbody sorprendido, deja de apuntar a su cabeza.
Sólo para romper la regla inesperada, que él mismo incorpora.
Y corre a comprobar la situación del Jefe Final.
El artista mira por la ventana.
El Jefe final es requerido por la Alta AutoriFidelidad,
Para elevarle al siguiente nivel.
Una carcajada mastica el disfrute
Cuando todo el mundo llena el plato,
En un festín por un cuento esparcido,
Como un trueno en la cúpula celeste de la audiencia,
Cuando la Guerra Total señale sus bajas
Fruto de un malentendido guerrero, de lo casual a lo causal,
Según enloquece ante el olor de la sangre humana.
Nunca más deseo azaroso, sino herramienta plena del destino.
Dentro de laberintos sin otra salida
que una solución pixelada, hasta que cada huida,
Se convierta en una pieza de un puzzle llamado a su trono.

1x11. La guerra personal tiene su propia promesa de nuevo linaje.

Nowbody ha sido capturado y atado. El Jefe Final le habla.

"No me malinterpretes, la Guerra no tiene nada de personal."

"No es especialmente por ti.

Incluso cuando tu carne despellejada huele a quemado,
por la subsiguiente deflagración,
generada por un misil Patriot."

"No te pongas susceptible.

Sólo porque el metal y el fuego destruyen tu cuerpo entero."

"Porque las armas nunca fueron concebidas,
y construidas especialmente para usarlas contra ti."

"La Guerra nunca fue personal,

Así que no me malinterpretes:

Nada personal es la Guerra, píllalo bien.

La Guerra sólo es un tipo de información negativa,

Y nada más personal."

"Y sólo puede afectarte como víctima colateral.

Tú no eres un hijo de la Guerra, sino como mucho, su sobrino.

Y NADA MÁS."

"Por favor entiende que no hay nada más en todo esto,
como encontrar sprites en píxeles:

Ser sólo sobrinos de esta Guerra es ser hijos de un nuevo tiempo."

"Un nuevo tiempo llegará.

Estarás tan cerca de un linaje perteneciente,

A un dios alejado de todas las cosas."

"Así que eres hijo de la nada, por un nuevo tiempo que trae,

La oportunidad de no ser más que una parte, cercana a apartarse de todo.

Pero entonces estate distante de un dios cercano."

"Sé sólo el sobrino de dios... para ser un hijo de los Nephilims."



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De las sombras aparece un gigante, que parece estar al mando.
Es la primera vez que Nowbody ve al, así llamado,
Alta AutoriFidelidad.
Tiene el privilegio de confirmar lo que alrededor de NOAH,
Se mantiene como un vago mito.
La Alta AutoriFidelidad realmente existe.
Y parece... ¿Ser un gigante?

“Este es el nuevo trato que te ofrecemos Nowbody, ser parte de nuestra familia.”

La cercanía del gigante permite a Nowbody, pulsar un botón de su cinturón,
Que enciende un anillo de fuego en su dedo,
Provocando el caos en la habitación,
Y Nowbody se libera.
Escapa sobre las propias palabras que deja atrás,
Desplazando su ubicuo nirvana hasta una mente más realista y guerrera.

“Discúlpeme Jefe final pero yo,
Si me extraen todo atisbo de vida de mi cuerpo, sin mi consentimiento,
Me resulta todavía algo personal.”
“Al punto en que necesito defenderme...”
Por favor, no me malinterprete esto,
Como habitado por mi propio espíritu.”



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1x12. Nuevos felices pretextos en reclamo de un único y valeroso mundo.

Una burbuja es la imagen emergente del triunfo de un pretexto.
El pretexto siempre pide otra razón,
Pero un linaje de razones ya empezaron de un pretexto,
Incapaz de acuñar suficiente valor para elevar una idea libre,
De anteponer el propio interés ante una perspectiva instrumental.
Se inserta una moneda para empezar el juego,
Y el juego pedirá al jugador más monedas,
Para alcanzar el aparente objetivo final.
El juego comienza y muestra dragones,
Lanzando burbujas para defenderse de los enemigos.
Encierran a sus enemigos en círculos
Como pretexto de mantener un papel
Que te pida más monedas,
El pretexto es tu enemigo.
Y tú no encuentras otra forma de sostener la idea de juego,
Capturado en una burbuja como un sprite insertado en un pixel,
Ése es el único mundo que conoces.
Un mundo resulta de pretextos, edificados en burbujas luminosas.
Mientras antiguos rascacielos colapsan pesadamente.
Pretexto es cualquier idea presta a pretextarse, en un mundo circular,
Como una moneda, para jugar al único juego que resulta de tal situación:
Una generación educada por Bubble Bobble, que ahora descansa
En el dormitorio de Van Gogh.
Sorda para siempre, de cualquier canción no emitida por sirenas,
Emitidas por coches de policía que se dirigen a tu vecindario,
A por gente que arrestar por pensar
Hasta el punto de romper la burbuja de pretextos.
Y con ello, entrar en su propio juego.
Pero en alguna habitación de motel,
Nowbody siente que una burbuja estalla en su mente
Para entender que hay tantos mundos posibles como juegos potenciales
Y el juego que decide empezar, es defender esta idea
Frente a cualquier otro pretexto en absoluto.



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1x13. Pixelado pixel es el umbral, cuadrado de Plaza Infierno.

Al penetrar en NOAH para hacer varias verificaciones
Que le permitan obtener evidencias definitivas,
Now-body es considerado un breve error del sistema.
Su existencia describe un fallo transitorio auto-corregido,
Y por consiguiente difícil de resolver.
La iniciativa particular supone una transición indeseada
Sucedió antes de que la señal fije su valor calculado.
En otras palabras, el pensamiento de Nowbody
Es un pulso eléctrico de corta duración
Que resulta de un fallo, o un error de diseño.
Obviamente, en un circuito lógico digital pobremente ideado,
Nowbody puede tener lugar a modo de condición racial.
Entonces el sujeto, pasa a ser Giltchman,
Un fallo menor que pronto será rectificado.

Todas estas consideraciones suponen una declaración fáctica,
De un error por parte del Jefe Final.
Recriminado por este fallo del sistema.
Instrucciones incorrectamente escritas,
Inválidos datos de entrada no detectados a tiempo,
Errores de comunicación pasados por alto,
Son solo algunos de los muchos errores detectados.
Y mientras Nowbody elude las patrullas de seguridad nocturna,
Y enciende las computadoras,
El Jefe Final es condenado a un Nuevo nivel de grandeza infectada por Hi-Fi.
El Jefe Final llena ahora casi la toda la pantalla,
Según espera la llegada de Gitchman
Al ritmo de su nueva propia rutina
Diseñada para destruir a Now-body.

El análisis inicia una nueva búsqueda,
Para pixelar reproducciones de arte previamente pixeladas,
Pues Now-body comprende a la luz de los últimos eventos,
Que saltar sobre el cuadrado es la llave.
Conceder al problema el derecho a existir
Es la clave para agotarlo por sobre-explotación.
No mostrar nunca rechazo alguno,
Sino acompañarlo hasta el final.
Pixelar imágenes previamente pixeladas.
Y entonces, acceder a una nueva puerta abierta.



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Un scroll vertical indetectable arrastra a Nowbody

Al territorio del Jefe Final.

"¡Giltchman!" grita, "demasiadas preguntas por parte de un hombre tan simple
Convierten su mente en un error."

"Como esos sprites que nunca quisiste encontrar,
debiste considerarlos nada más que una ilusión."

"Te dije que eran solo pareidolias. Como todo enigma
Deberías haberte concentrado en la simple sonrisa de la Mona Lisa."

"¿Piensas que eres capaz de desactivar el dispositivo
Sólo por tu derecho a opinar?"

"¿Quién eres tú para ignorar un truco
que ha funcionado durante tantos siglos?"

"Sólo un glitch, tú eres Glitchman". El Jefe final dispara.

Now-body esquiva el fuego, y estudia los movimientos del Jefe final

Mientras la computadora continua trazando pixeles,

En imágenes posiblemente ya pixeladas.

La pantalla se llena de fuego.

La computadora detecta una pintura de Dalí.

Reproduce una ambigua imagen.

Desde una perspectiva muestra a su amada Gala.

Desde otro puedes ver bloques que forman la cara del Presidente Lincoln.

Estos bloques son como píxeles,

Ahora repixelados por la computadora

Para mostrar la pista definitiva.

El Jefe Final y Gitchman se disparan.

Buenos tiradores: ambos caen al suelo.

El Jefe Final aparece abatido.

Nowbody siente perder la vida, y mientras sus ojos se cierran,

Puede ver en este retrato repixelado del Poder, un super-sprite:

Una gran cara sangrienta combatiendo su propio descenso

Al nivel final del Doom

Mientras por ahora, la realidad se desvanece oscuramente,

Pero quizás no sea tan afortunado como para descansar en paz,

Y por siempre.



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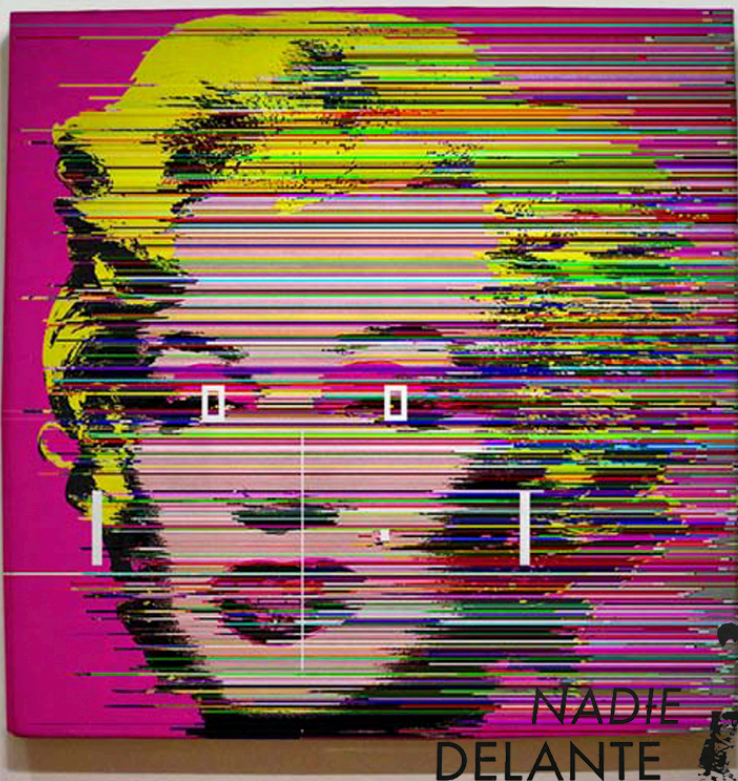
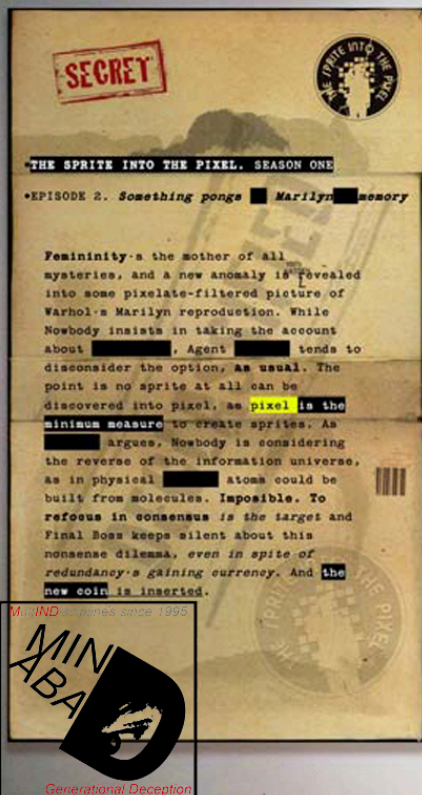
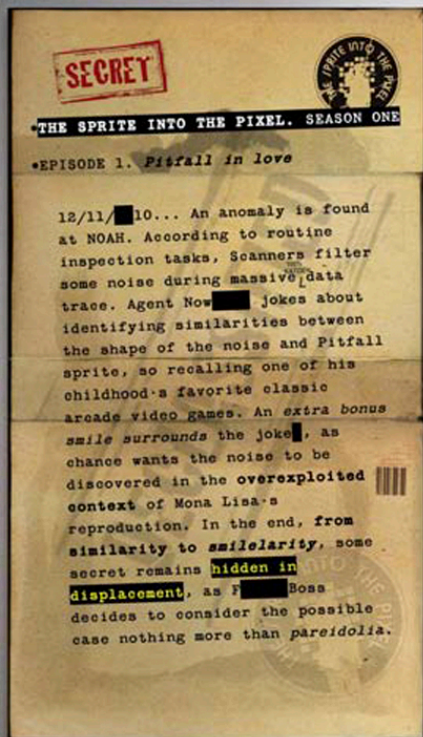


the sprite into the pixel



auto
exposed





THE SPIRITS INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

SECRET



One time: Coincidence. Two times: Pattern. Three times: Program. That's the logic works, and all the **signal** switch, shockingly on when the Analysis Team headed by Nobody at the Nobody Ahead Institute, discovers a new sprited anomaly in random glitched information, that cannot happen seems to be happening, and the very first insight suggests all kind of meta-considerations on what's unbelievably happening. It immerses more and more beyond proper tech's existence to make capable own belief.

The more sprited-shaped-seeming-noise is revealed in Ancient Egypt papyrus reproduction, which sincerely talking in Final Boss: can be only considered as the fucking annoying ultimate evidence [we were looking for?]. Since the anomaly not only shows itself in clear shape, but it includes some obvious will to ironically appeal to its discoverer: a cool mood boundaries, even as simple bad joke. Who, how, when, why and all the basic questions in their most radical expression, fuel right now the strength, as Final Boss is going to take some decision his own right to play into the illusion of the power, invested whom by chance appears incarnating the over-repeating eye of destiny.



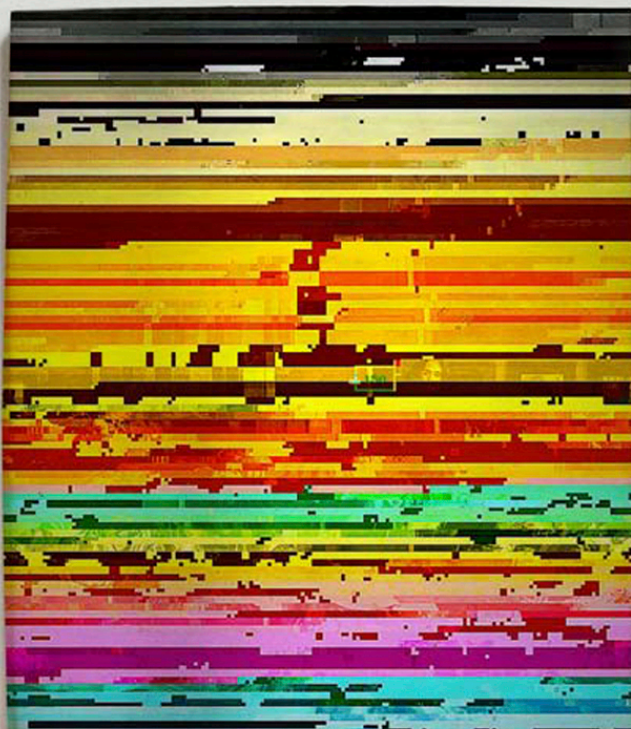
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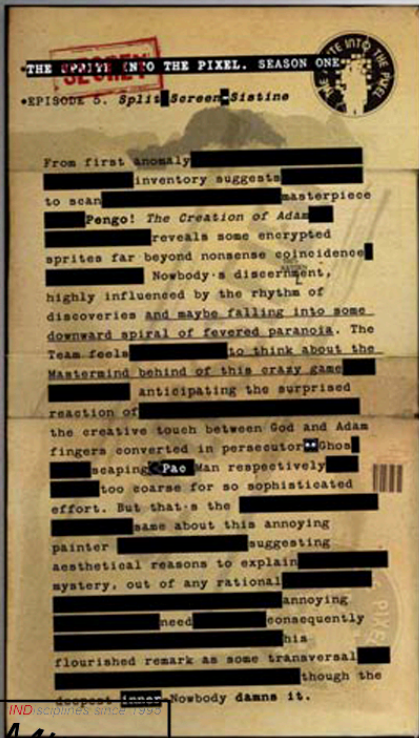
THE SPIRITS INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

SECRET

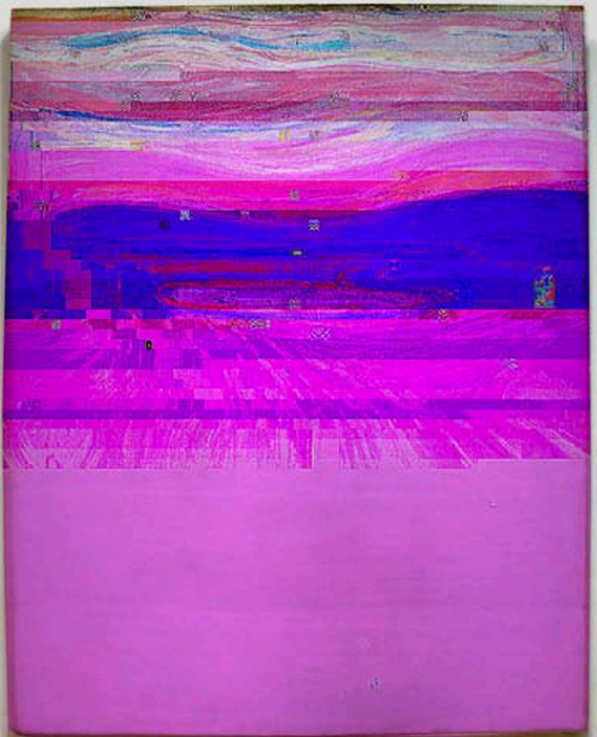
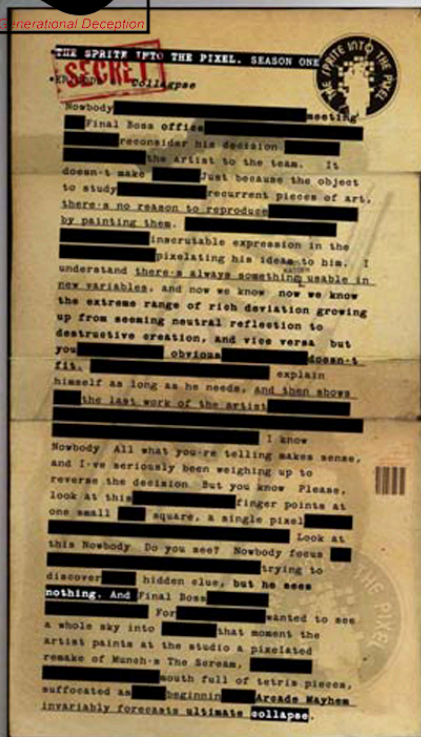


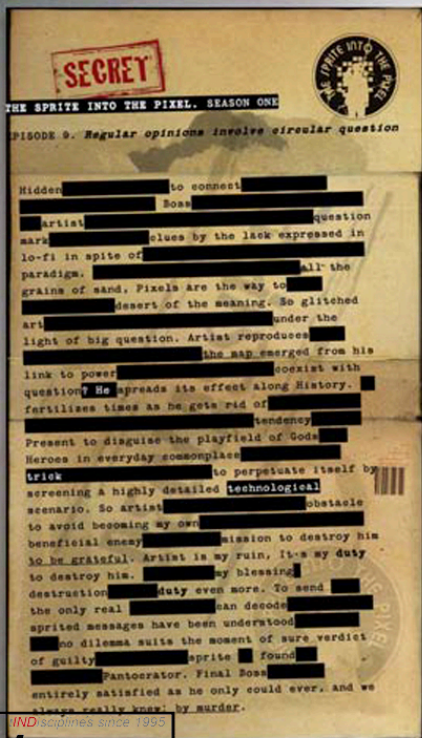
Enter the artist. Final Boss decides to incorporate to the Analysis Team by Nobody. What a painter can contribute to enhance the conclusions emerged from a yet firmly established highly sophisticated Analysis team, it is something still to discover. But that's the way Final Bosses used to take decisions, and this is nothing but the last one in all long line of defiant series. Anyway, meanwhile sprites discovered in Las Meninas only old and new data according to routine. Femininity seems to be maybe closing the precedent picture some of her more bizarre Painter selfportraits too by hiding to be object of himself in showing the being only by mirror reflection not of his property. And maybe this explanation already includes the total role of the new team member in the whole encrypted as intuition turns against on between Good and Evil as correlative permutations of Science and Art. And somewhere in this way blocked and squared, suddenly sprites himself in a new level of his own game.



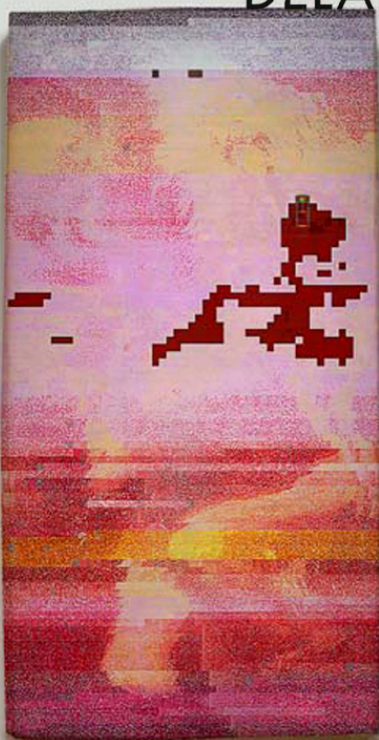
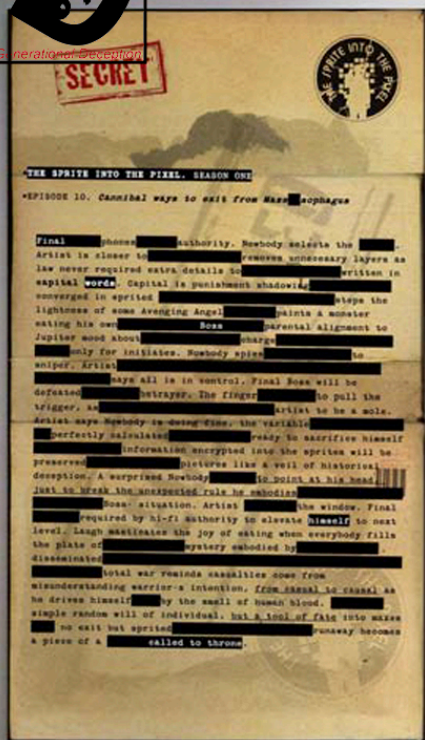


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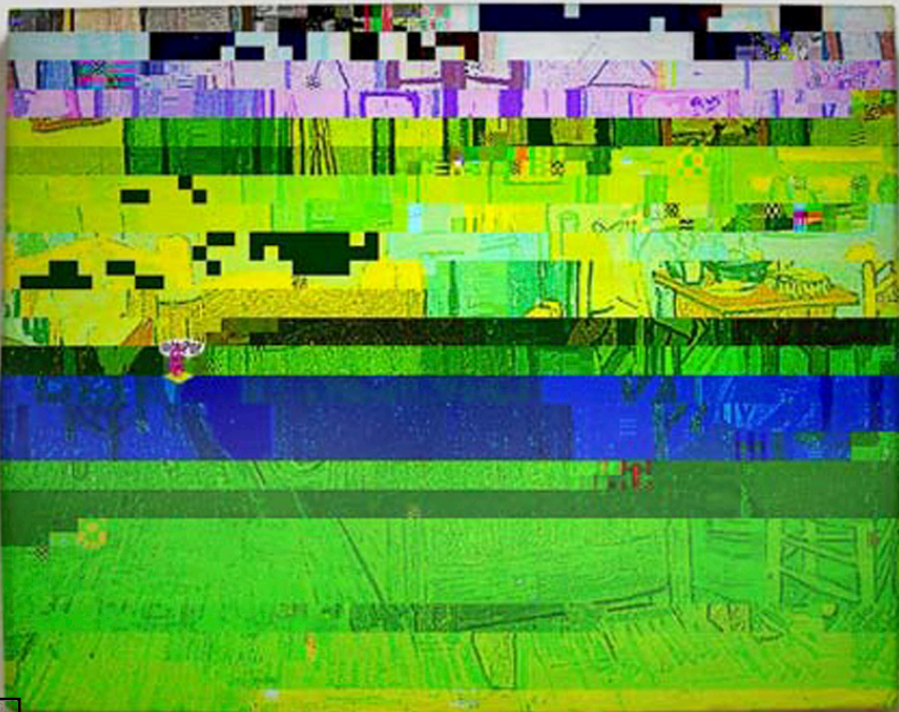


THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

• EPISODE 12. Brave new pretexts to protest & claim for one

My world

Bubble is the emerging [redacted] from the triumph of pretext. Pretext always asks for another [redacted], but lineage of [redacted] already started from one pretext, fails to [redacted] enough value to raise any [redacted] free to [redacted] self-interest [redacted] instrumental perspective. Coin is inserted to start the [redacted] [redacted] ask the gamer for more coins to reach the [redacted] seeming ultimate [redacted]. The game starts and shows [redacted] expelling [redacted] to defend [redacted] who asks you are circled as pretext to keep on [redacted] for more coins. Pretext is your enemy, and you don't find another way to sustain the idea of [redacted], captured in a bubble like [redacted] building light bubbled knows. One world is [redacted] while old heavy skyscrapers collapse. Pretext is any [redacted] ready to pretext [redacted] in one circular [redacted] like one [redacted] to [redacted] the only one [redacted] result from this [redacted]: a generation [redacted] by Bubble Bobble now rests in Van Gogh's bedroom, deaf forever to no other [redacted] sirens announcing that police cars [redacted] break the [redacted] for people who is [redacted] bubble of pretexts, so to conclude they can think about their own [redacted]. But in some [redacted] Nowbody feels [redacted] blows into his mind to understand there are as many worlds as possible games to play. And the game he chooses to play is to defend this idea [redacted] no pretext at all.



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THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

EPISODE 11. Personal war as own promise of new lineage

Now [redacted] captured and tied up. Final [redacted] to him.

Don't get me wrong, war is nothing personal [redacted]
even when your skinned flesh smells burnt by
some [redacted] subsequently generated deflagration. Don't
be touchy just because [redacted] destroys
your whole body, because weapons never [redacted] built
especially for you. War [redacted] never personal [redacted] get me
wrong: nothing personal is war please, get me right. War is
ONLY personal affirmation of negation and nothing more, and it
can ONLY affect you as collateral. You are not ONLY a son of
war, but just ONLY its nephew. And NOTHING MORE. Please
understand [redacted] were in nothing [redacted]
[redacted] to be ONLY nephews of war [redacted] sons of a new time.
[redacted] where you are extremely close in lineage to
a God far beyond from EVERYTHING. [redacted] fact [redacted] son of
nothing. New time [redacted] chance to be no more close part
apart of [redacted] but to be distant [redacted] closer God [redacted] only a
nephew of god just to be son of Nephilim.

[redacted]
[redacted] and Nobody [redacted] free. He escapes [redacted]
[redacted] his someplace nirvana ready to reality
war-mind.

Excuse me Final Boss but [redacted] life from my
body against my consent is still personal [redacted]
[redacted] to defend myself as please don't get me [redacted] to be
inhabited by my own spirit.

[redacted] which seems [redacted]
[redacted] in charge [redacted] the first time Nobody sees the so
called Hi-Fi Authority [redacted] privilege [redacted]
[redacted] around NOAH staff like a vague myth
[redacted] Giant?

[redacted] new deal we offer you, Nobody [redacted] our
family.



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THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

EPISODE 13. Pixelated Pixel's the threshold of Hell's Square.

body penetrates NOAH to check a short-lived fault in a system describes a transient fault that corrects itself, and is therefore difficult to troubleshoot. Particular initiative is an undesired transition that occurs before the signal settles to its intended value. In other words, Nobody's is an electrical pulse of short duration the result of a fault or design error. Obviously in a poorly designed digital logic circuit, Nobody can occur in the presence of condition, and then the subject becomes Glitchman, a minor fault which will soon be rectified.

factual statement that Final Boss fault is to blame for a system failure. Incorrectly written instructions, undetected invalid input data, undetected communications errors are only a few of mistakes detected. And while Nobody eludes switch computers, Final Boss is doomed to a new level of grandeur by Hi-Fi infection. Final Boss fills now almost the whole screen, as he waits for Glitchman over his own new routine, designed to Nobody.

The analysis new search to glitch already pixelated the jump to square is the key, concede problem the right to exist exhaust him by its over-exploitation, never to show any refusal but with him till the end. To already images, and then a new will be.

Undetectable vertical scroll brings territory. Glitchman! claims. Too questions for a simple man turns his mind into an error, like those sprites you would never find, you would never consider but as an illusion. I told you it was only pareidolia, and you should focus on Mona Lisa's smile able to disable that device by your only personal right to opinion? Who are you to a trick that worked for centuries? Simply a glitch, you're Glitchman shoots. Nobody dodges study Final Boss' movements while computer tracing possible already.

Screen is full of. Computer detects Ball's ambiguous image blocks building beloved Galt pixels, now re-pixelated by computer ultimate clue. Final Boss and Glitchman Good gunners: both on the floor Boss seems to be dead. Nobody feels to lose eyes shut down. can see re-pixelated portrait of the power, a super-sprite: one big bloody face fighting his own descent to the final level of Doom now reality fades to perhaps not enough lucky to rest in peace forever.

EPISODE 14. Hidden behind the big computer, the Artist already smoking gun away from the screen asking mission finishes when he signs the pictures. Hi-Fi but his phone among the debris the question now glitches turn him most obsolete weapon of story.

the sprite into the pixel

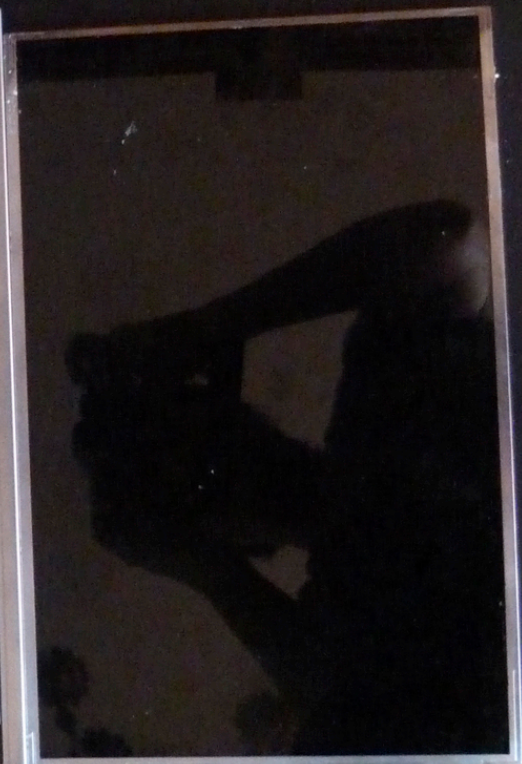
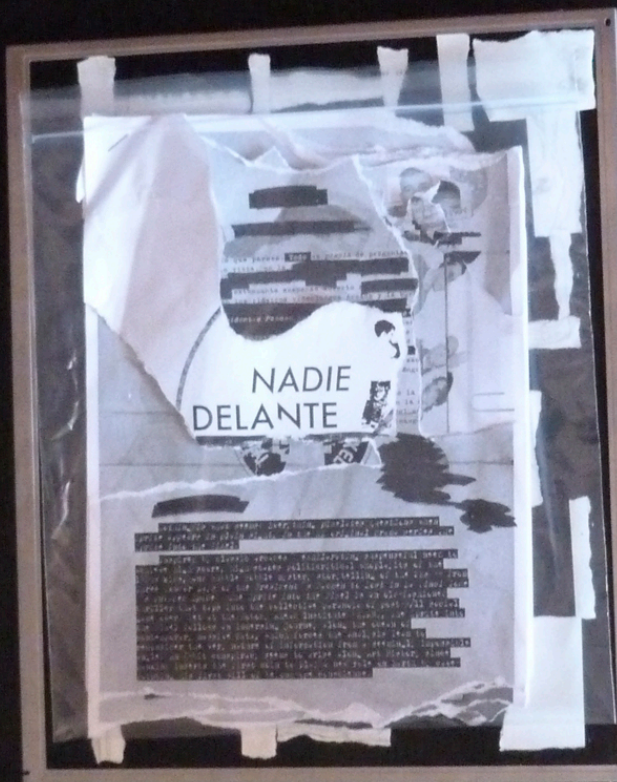


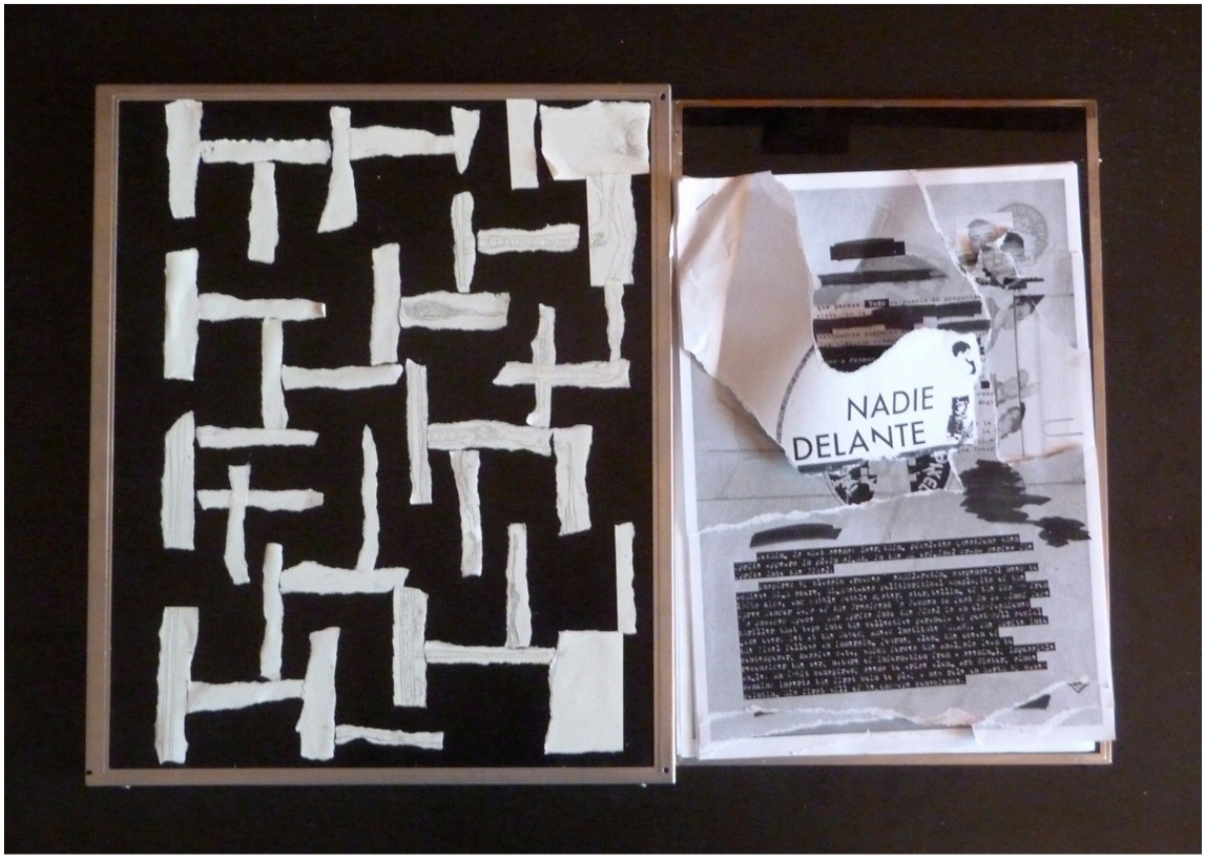
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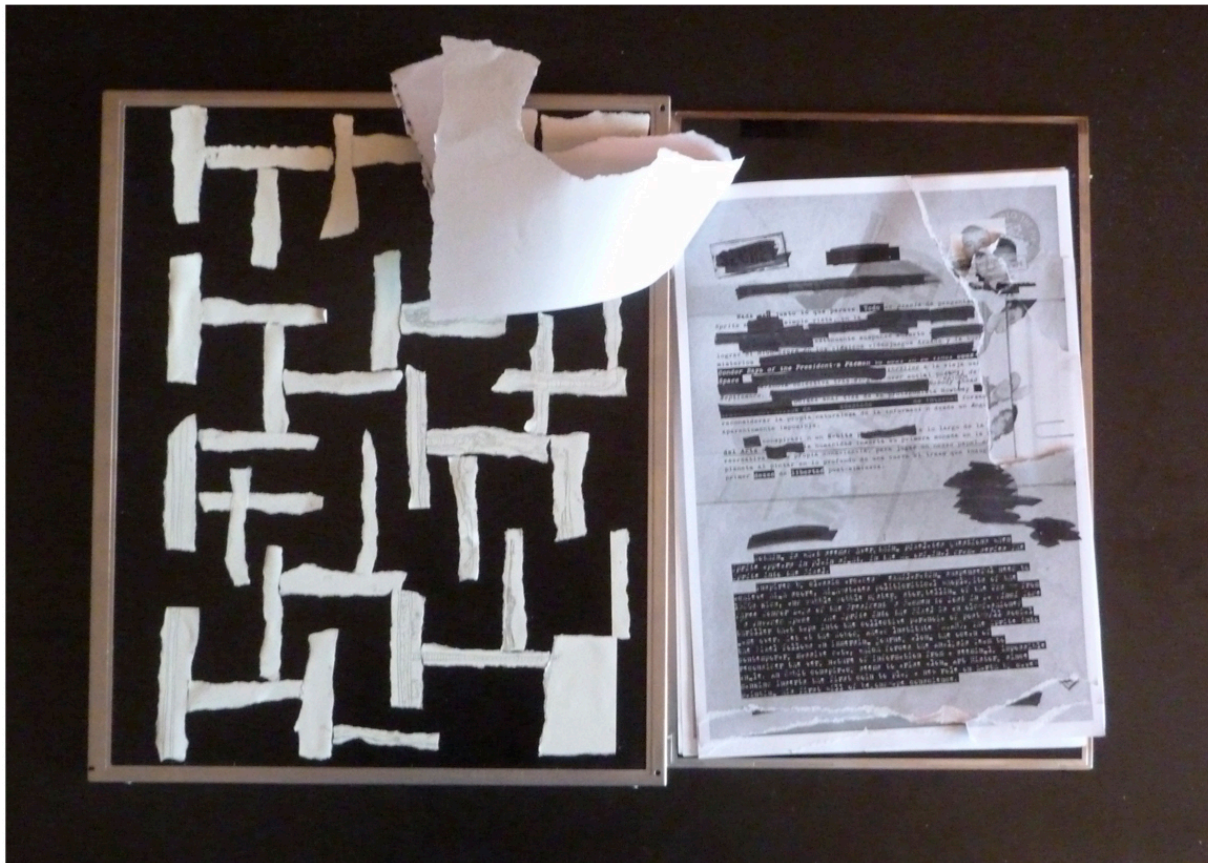
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File # NADIE DELANTE
HG-E1764 VB DF JT FE





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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 1. Pitfall in love

12/11/█10... An anomaly is found at NOAH. According to routine inspection tasks, Scanners filter some noise during massive ^{100% KATZEN} data trace. Agent Now█ jokes about identifying similarities between the shape of the noise and Pitfall sprite, so recalling one of his childhood's favorite classic arcade video games. An extra bonus smile surrounds the joke█, as chance wants the noise to be discovered in the overexploited context of Mona Lisa's reproduction. In the end, from similarity to smilelarity, some secret remains hidden in displacement, as F█ Boss decides to consider the possible case nothing more than pareidolia.

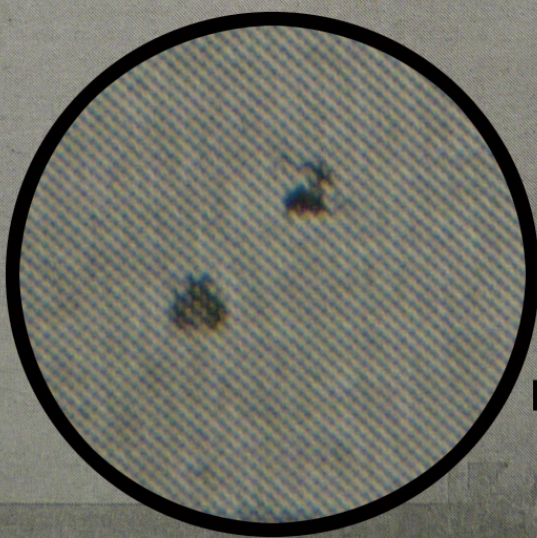
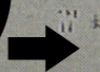
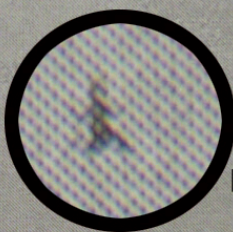
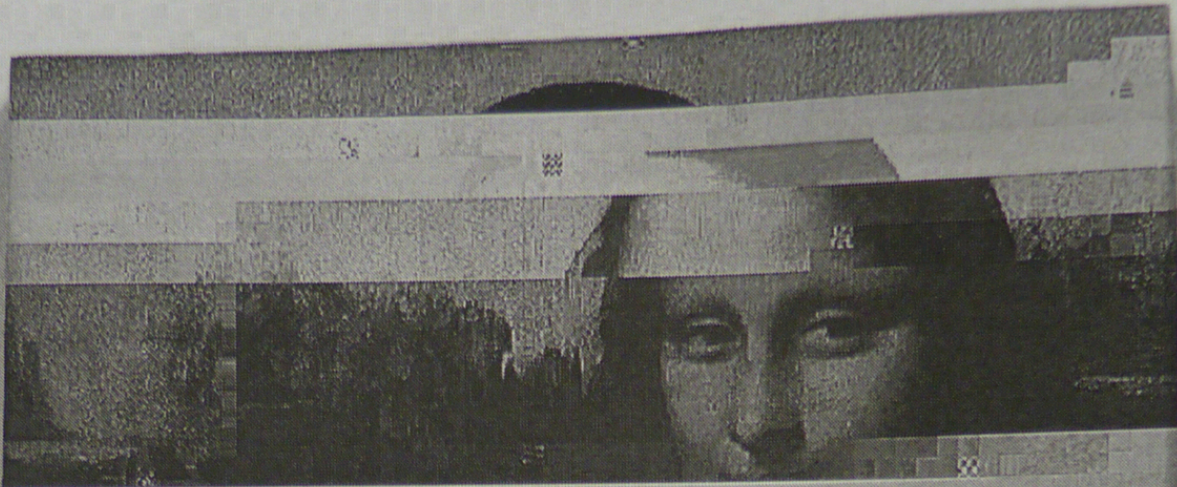


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about *Generational Deception*


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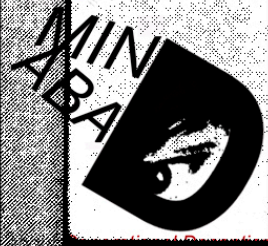
THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

EPISODE 2. *Something pongs* [redacted] Marilyn [redacted] memory

Femininity's the mother of all mysteries, and a new anomaly is ^{100% KATON} revealed into some pixelate-filtered picture of Warhol's Marilyn reproduction. While Nowbody insists in taking the account about [redacted], Agent [redacted] tends to disconsider the option, as usual. The point is no sprite at all can be discovered into pixel, as pixel **is the minimum measure** to create sprites. As [redacted] argues, Nowbody is considering the reverse of the information universe, as in physical [redacted] atoms could be built from molecules. Impossible. To refocus in consensus is the target and Final Boss keeps silent about this nonsense dilemma, even in spite of redundancy's gaining currency. And **the new coin is inserted.**

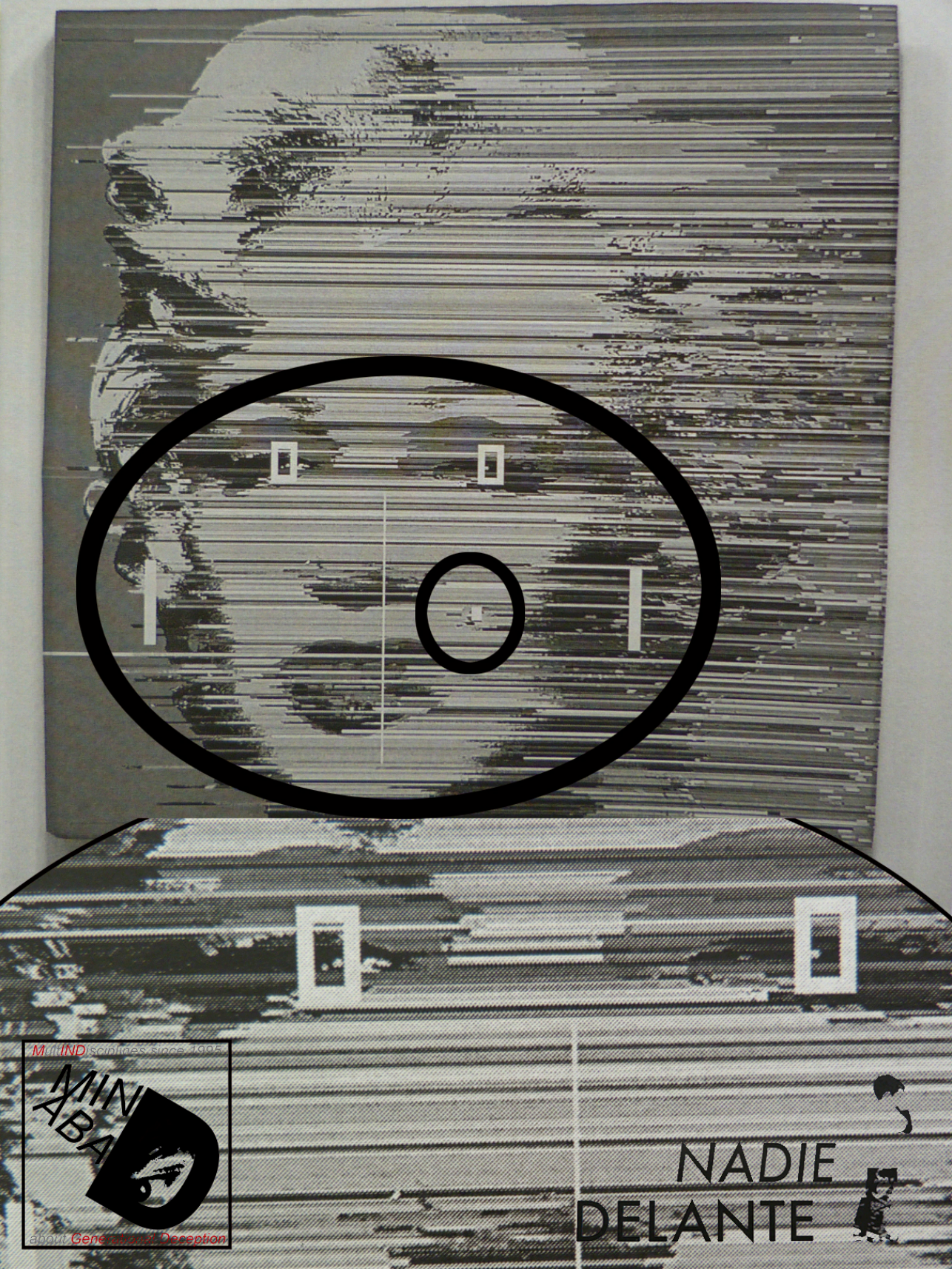


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THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

• EPISODE 1: Symbol Profanation

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One time: Coincidence. Two times: Pattern. Three times: Programme. That's the logic works, and all the switch shockingly on when the Analysis Team headed by Nobody at the Nobody Ahead Institute, discovers a new sprited anomaly in random glitched information. What cannot happen seems to be happening, and the very first insight suggests all kind of meta-considerations on what's unbelievably happening. It immerses more and more beyond proper tech's existence to make capable own belief. the new sprited-shaped-seeming-noise is revealed in Ancient Egypt papyrus reproduction, which sincerely talking in Final Boss. can be only considered as the fucking annoying ultimate evidence (we were looking for?) time the anomaly not only shows itself in clear shape, but it includes some obvious will to ironically appeal to its discoverer's cool mood boundaries, even as simple bad joke. Who, how, when, why and all the basic questions in their most radical expression, fuel right now the strength, as Final Boss is going to take some decision his own right to play into the illusion of the power invested whom by chance appears incarnating the never-resting eye of destiny.



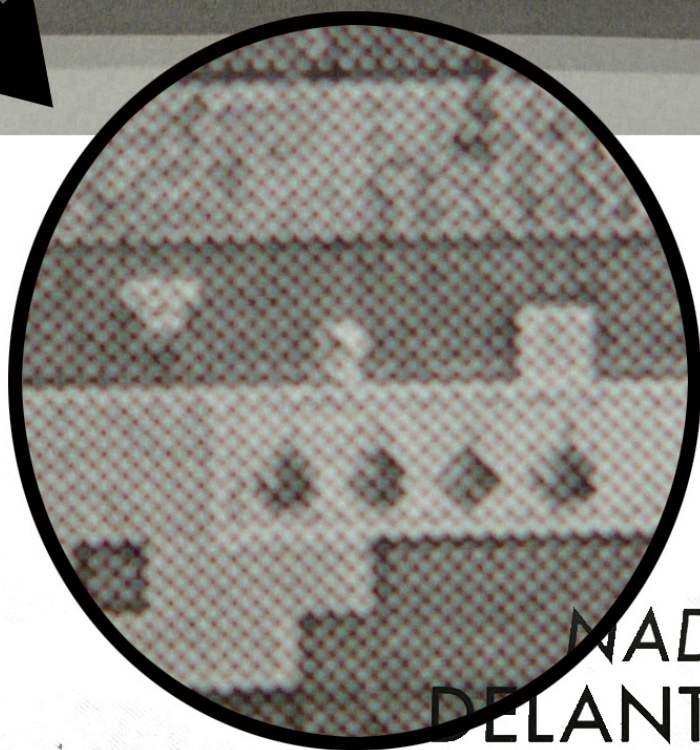
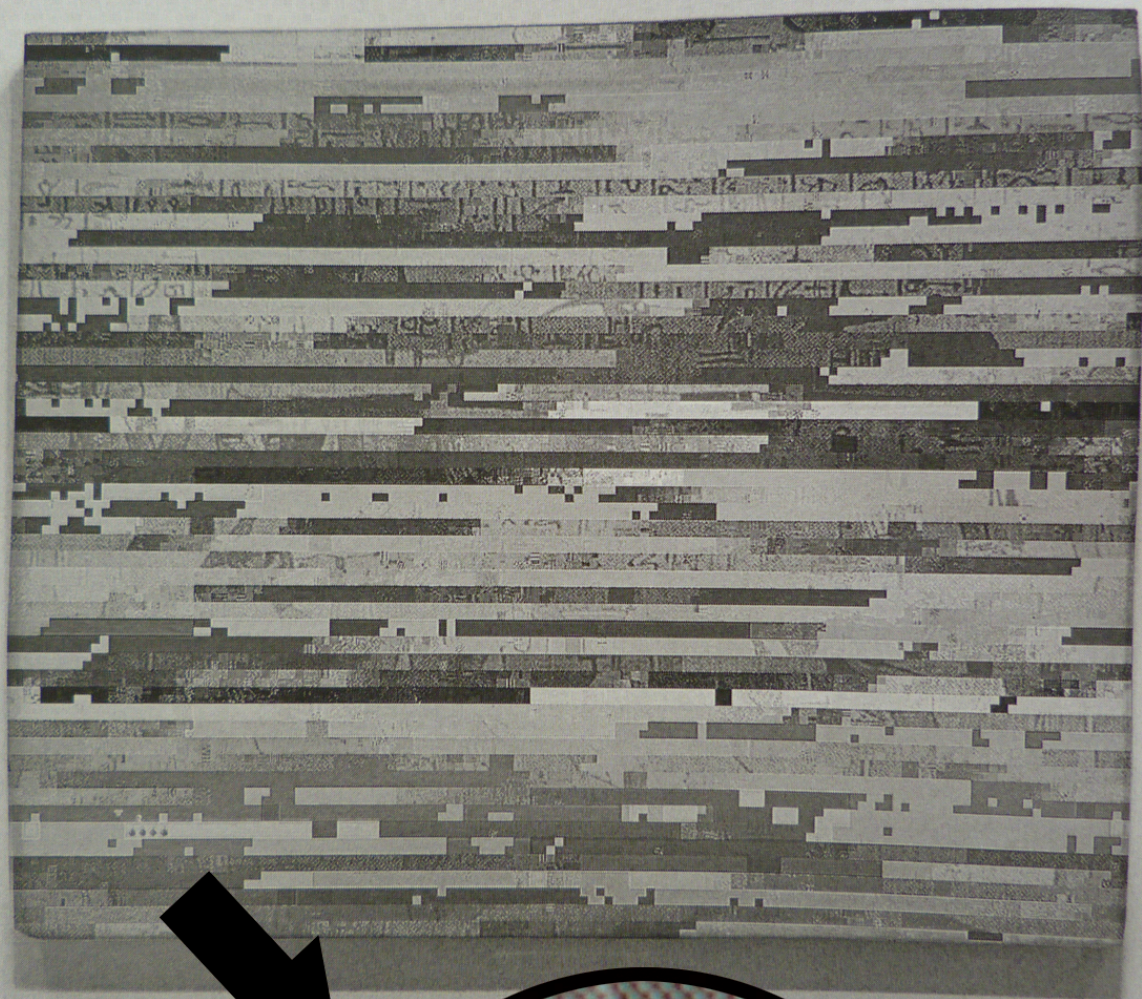
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• THE SPIRIT INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

• EPISODE 4. Enter artist ~~paintment~~



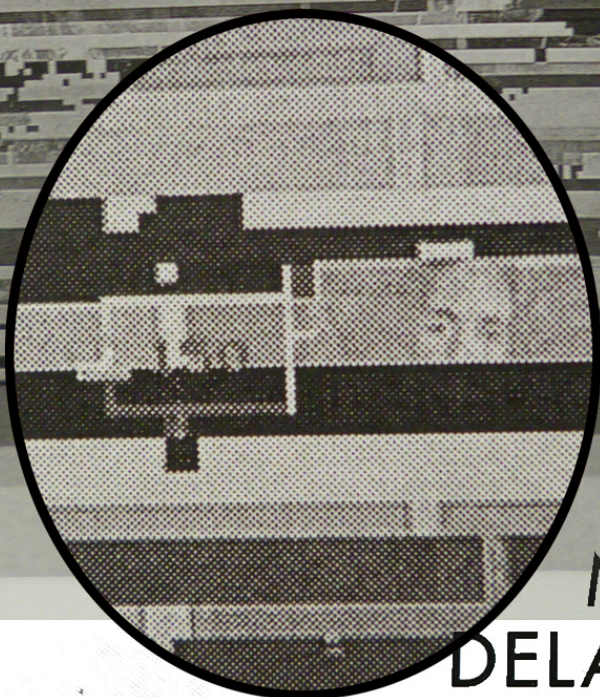
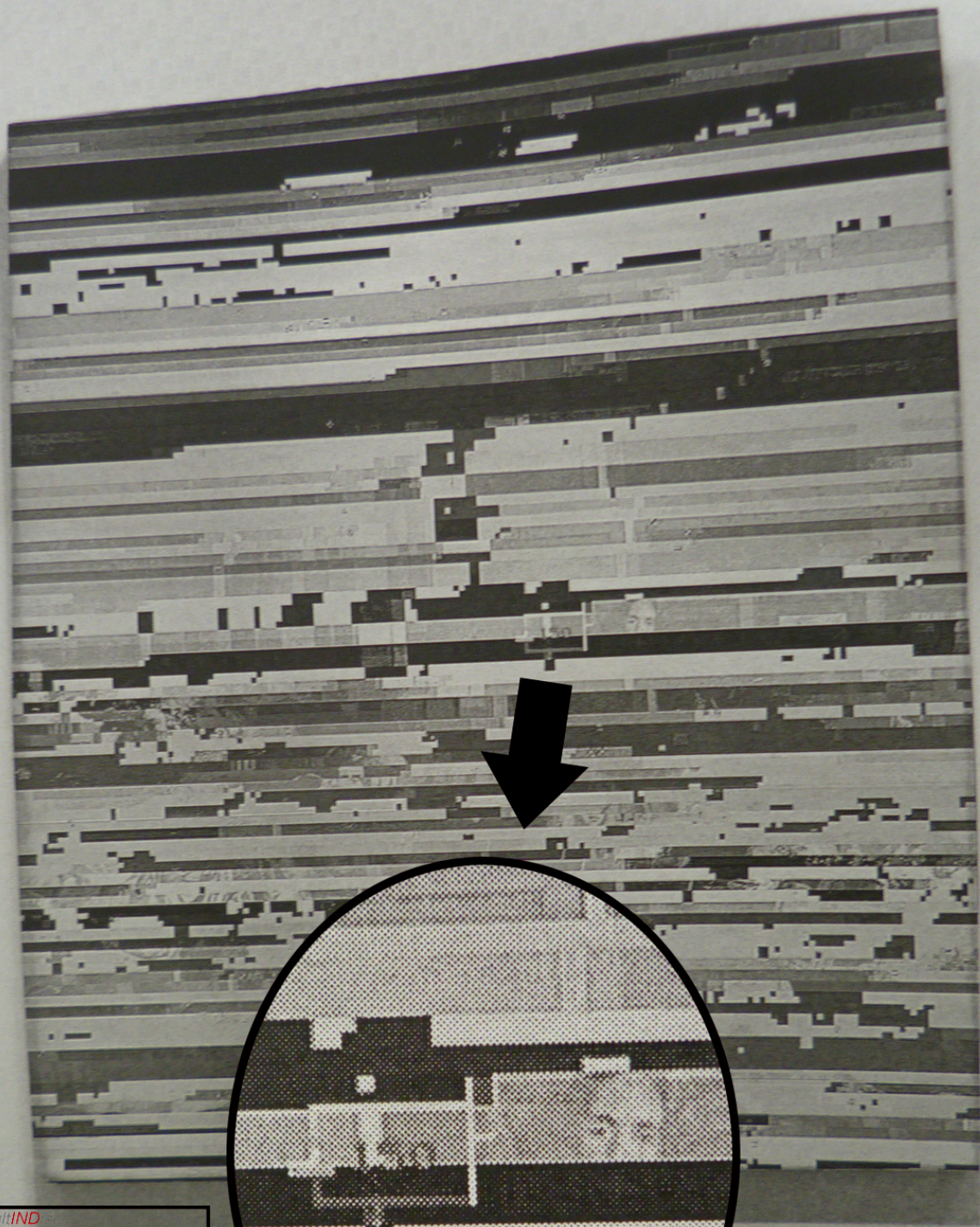
Enter the artist. [REDACTED] Final
Boss decides to incorporate [REDACTED]
to the Analysis Team [REDACTED] by Nowbody.
What a painter can contribute to enhance
the conclusions emerged from a yet firmly
established highly sophisticated analysis
team, it is something still to discover.
But that's the way Final Bosses uses to
take decisions, and this is nothing but
[REDACTED] the last one in a long line
of defiant series. Anyway [REDACTED] meanwhile [REDACTED]
sprites [REDACTED] discovered in Las
Meninas [REDACTED]
only [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] old and new data according to
routine. Femininity seems to be [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] maybe closing the precedent
picture [REDACTED] some of her more bizarre
[REDACTED] Painter selfportraits
too [REDACTED] by hiding to be object of himself
in showing the being only by [REDACTED] mirror
reflection [REDACTED] not of his property.
And maybe this explanation already
includes the total role of the new team
member in the whole [REDACTED] encrypted as
intuition turns [REDACTED] ape [REDACTED] insist on
[REDACTED] between Good
and Evil as correlative permutations of
Science and Art. And somewhere in this
way [REDACTED] blocked and squared,
[REDACTED] suddenly sprites himself in a new level of
his own game.

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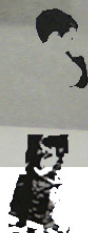


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THE POINT INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

• EPISODE 5. Split Screen-Sistine



From first anomaly [redacted]
[redacted] inventory suggests [redacted]
to scan [redacted] masterpiece
[redacted] Pengo! The Creation of Adam [redacted]
[redacted] reveals some encrypted
sprites far beyond nonsense coincidence [redacted]
[redacted] Nowbody's discernment, ^{KATOFU}
highly influenced by the rhythm of
discoveries and maybe falling into some
downward spiral of fevered paranoia. The
Team feels [redacted] to think about the
Mastermind behind of this crazy game [redacted]
[redacted] anticipating the surprised
reaction of [redacted]
the creative touch between God and Adam
fingers converted in persecutor [redacted] Ghos
[redacted] scaping [redacted] Pao Man respectively [redacted]
[redacted] too coarse for so sophisticated
effort. But that's the [redacted]
[redacted] same about this annoying
painter [redacted] suggesting
aesthetical reasons to explain [redacted]
mystery, out of any rational [redacted]
[redacted] annoying
[redacted] need [redacted] consequently
[redacted] his
flourished remark as some transversal [redacted]
[redacted] though the
deepest inner-Nowbody damns it.

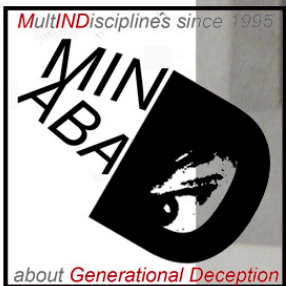
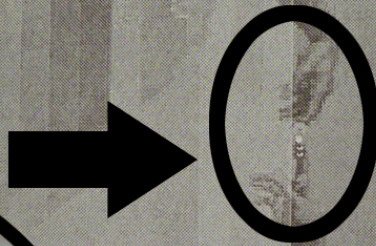
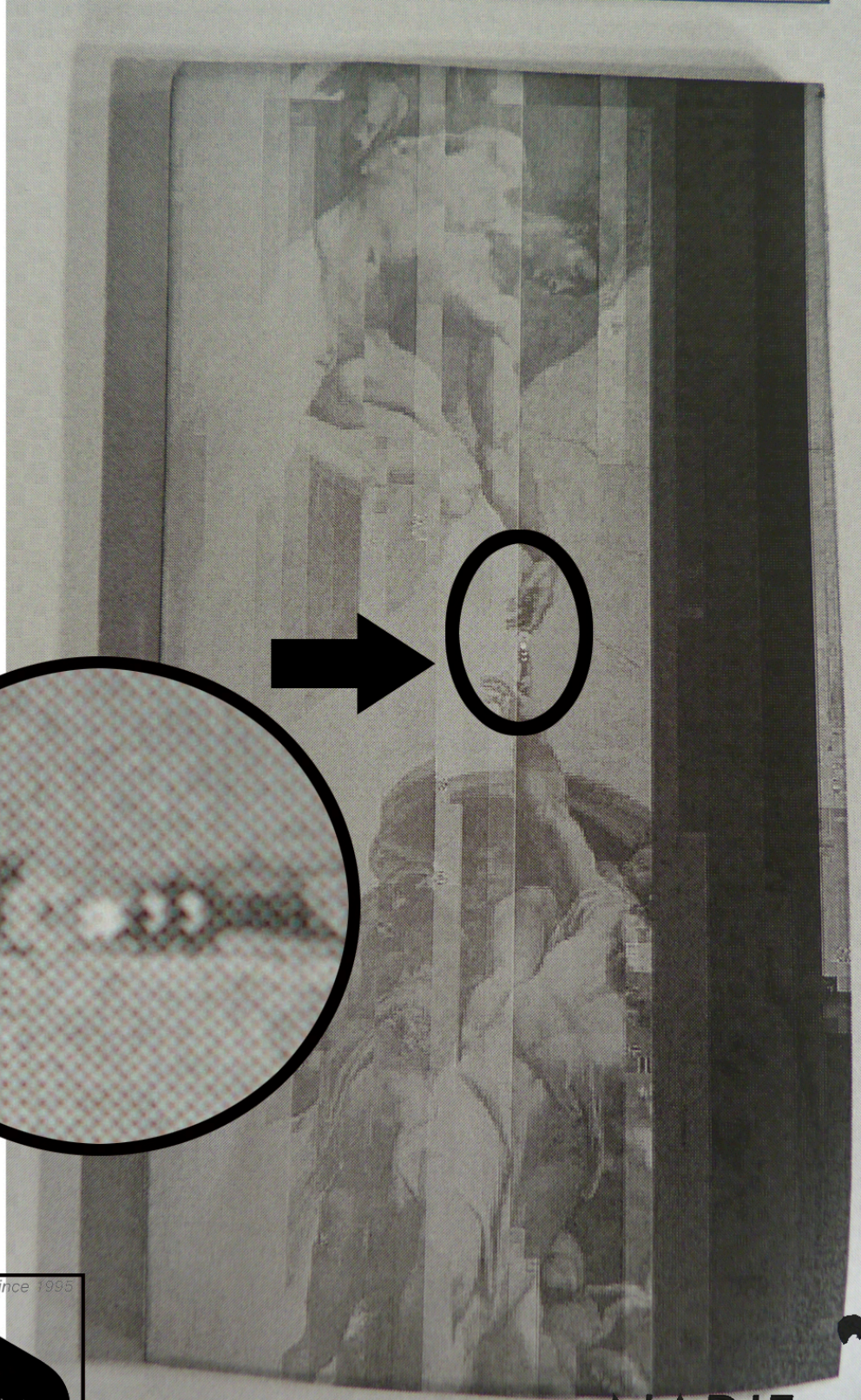
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THE SPIRITS INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

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Nowbody [redacted] meeting
[redacted] Final Boss office [redacted]
[redacted] reconsider his decision [redacted]
[redacted] the artist to the team. It
doesn't make [redacted] just because the object
to study [redacted] recurrent pieces of art.
there's no reason to reproduce [redacted]
by painting them. [redacted]
[redacted] inscrutable expression in the
[redacted] pixelating his ideas to him. I
understand there's always something ^{WATCHED} usable in
new variables, and now we know now we know
the extreme range of rich deviation growing
up from seeming neutral reflection to
destructive creation, and vice versa but
you [redacted] obvious [redacted] doesn't
fit. [redacted] explain
himself as long as he needs, and then shows
[redacted] the last work of the artist [redacted]

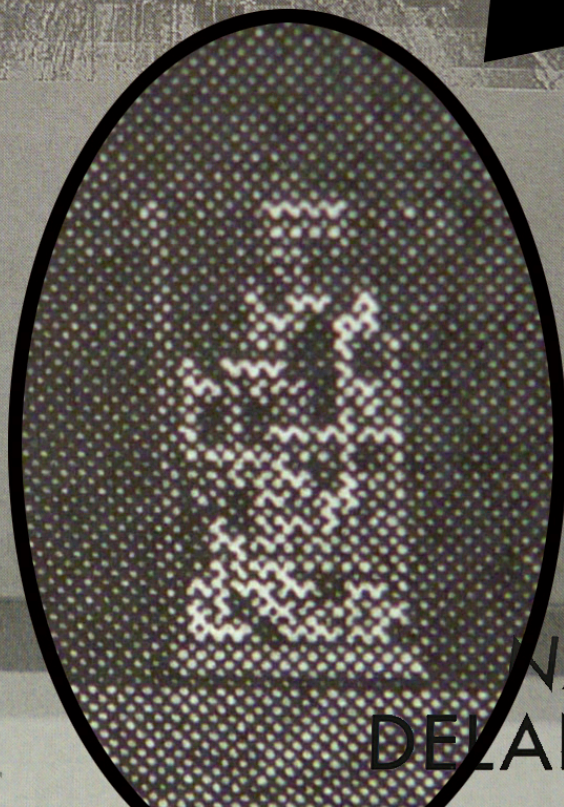
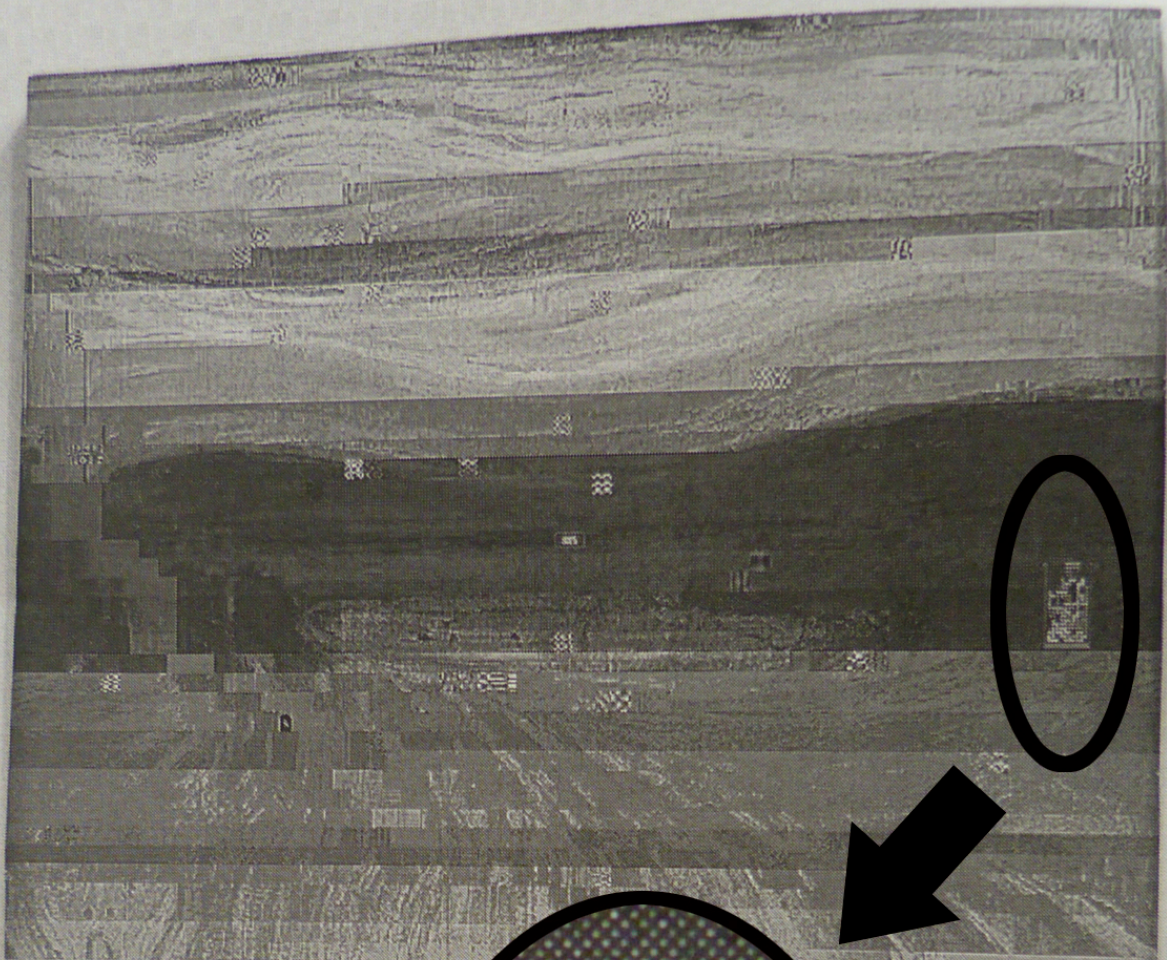
[redacted] I know
Nowbody. All what you're telling makes sense,
and I've seriously been weighing up to
reverse the decision. But you know. Please,
look at this [redacted] finger points at
one small [redacted] square, a single pixel [redacted]
[redacted] Look at
this Nowbody. Do you see? Nowbody focus [redacted]
[redacted] trying to
discover [redacted] hidden clue, but he sees
nothing. And Final Boss [redacted]
[redacted] For [redacted] wanted to see
a whole sky into [redacted] that moment the
artist paints at the studio a pixelated
remake of Munch's The Scream, [redacted]
[redacted] mouth full of tetris pieces,
suffocated as [redacted] beginning [redacted] Arcade Mayhem
invariably forecasts ultimate **collapse**

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•THE SPIRIT INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 7. Fear of a Black Squared Hole

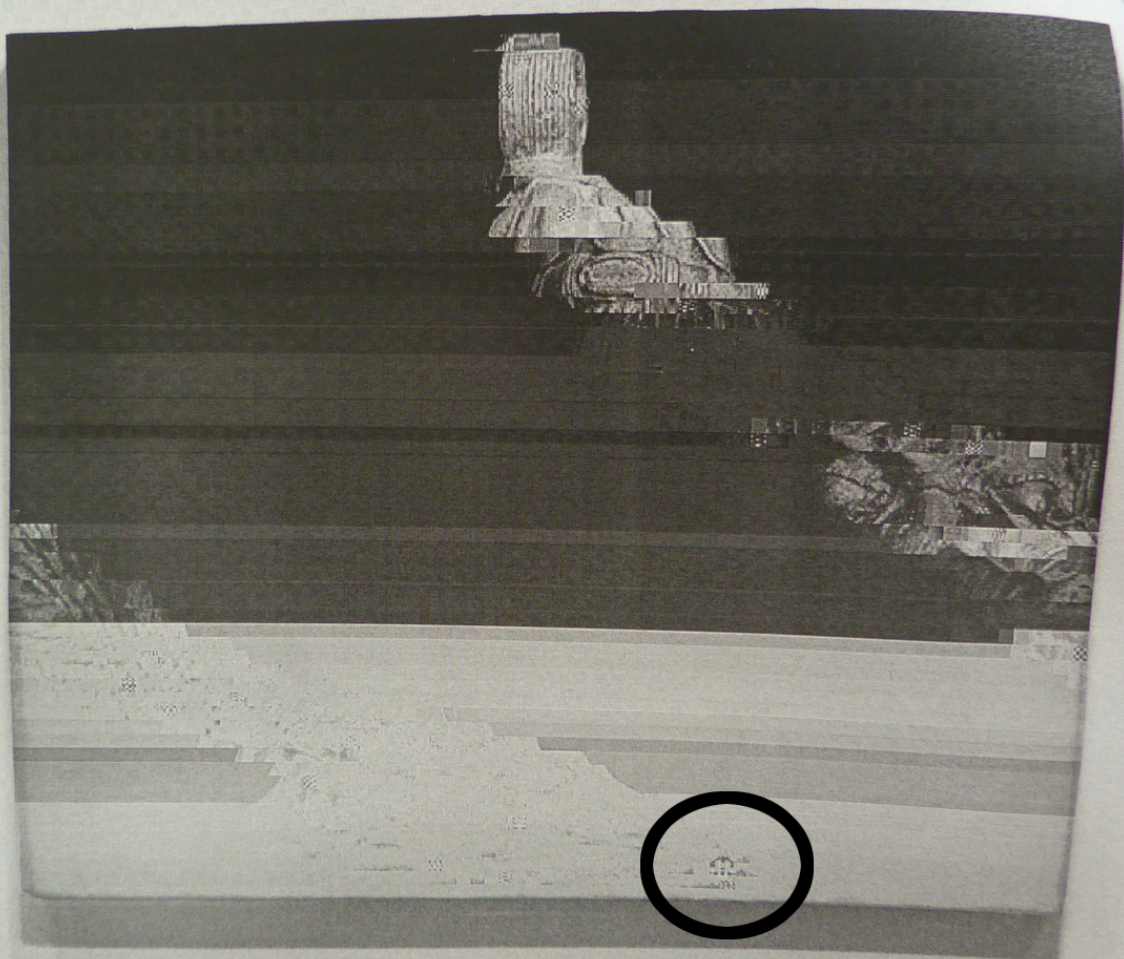
Black Squared Hole is swallowing doubtful Robots. [redacted] frame
[redacted] some distant point of view by their falling to
[redacted] as spriting the division between [redacted]. It's an
old image to [redacted] mechanic children [redacted] to
unplug at night. [redacted] awakes for all of them, but [redacted]
something you learn only by monthly experience of salvation.
[redacted] program [redacted] supplied invariably of 66% a day by News
about recurrent [redacted] lsm. **Rhythm must not be forced.**

Nowbody a mind has been forced. His logic
raped by the reasons of Art. His physical
order crossed, and interrupted, and
stained by buckets of acrylic painting.
[redacted] keeps awake for [redacted] sleep
on safe feelings. Nowbody [redacted] unplugged,
his confidence broken by [redacted] lack
[redacted] to any standard approach.
H [redacted] e gone mad? [redacted] testing us? [redacted]
domestic test? [redacted] domesticating us? [redacted]
[redacted] and I am wrong [redacted] cannot
figure why? [redacted]
artist Is he a mole? [redacted]
[redacted] to sabotage us by his only presence?
[redacted] word **enough disruptive weapon to**
destroy integrity by the force of opinion?
Viral feelings [redacted] when fake
unnecessary solution becomes central
[redacted], swallowing doubtful [redacted] like a
Black Squared Hole painted in the mind of
mechanic children, to be able to unplug
themselves. To rest in pieces until
tomorrow comes with new circuits of the
same old ever-work where suddenly, Final
Boss secretly thinks that Rhythm must be
forced.

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THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

EPISODE 8. Gained self-images recovered in T Area

Sequence [redacted] pulses from the tape decodes zeros and ones by simple and reliable modulation without constant clock rate. During loading process, the border flashes [redacted] stripes for the data blocks. Different messages display information and details about the file type [redacted] loading error message [redacted] as disabling Audio filter was not reminded. Revelation [redacted] aborted. Sprite is found [redacted] cave-painting [redacted] will not [redacted] dirty his hands of red painting this time to simulate the technique; he will use blood from some ancient side: literal crime. All is too [redacted], conspiracy seems too [redacted]. Suspicion is [redacted] at this point, almost a [redacted] spies everybody in the farm, Final Boss seems to enjoy the situation. No real. Bluff. Fear. [redacted] tried [redacted] but [redacted] broke like some Spectrum game loading, so [redacted] again. Audio filter receives [redacted] trigger. A shoot but this time, weakness was advantage.

Nowbody escapes [redacted] Sequence of pulses from the heart. Brain decodes by simple reliable modulation with constant clock rate. During running process, his sight flashes with [redacted] stripes [redacted] messages display information and details [redacted] danger. Now he knows it's real and feels better. Revelation is achieved. No more fake loadings when game is played in the land of the Lord. Please Nowbody run [redacted] right direction, as no other scroll that from left to right would please the caprice of the Nephilim, the coin-makers of some forgotten Beginning Boss.

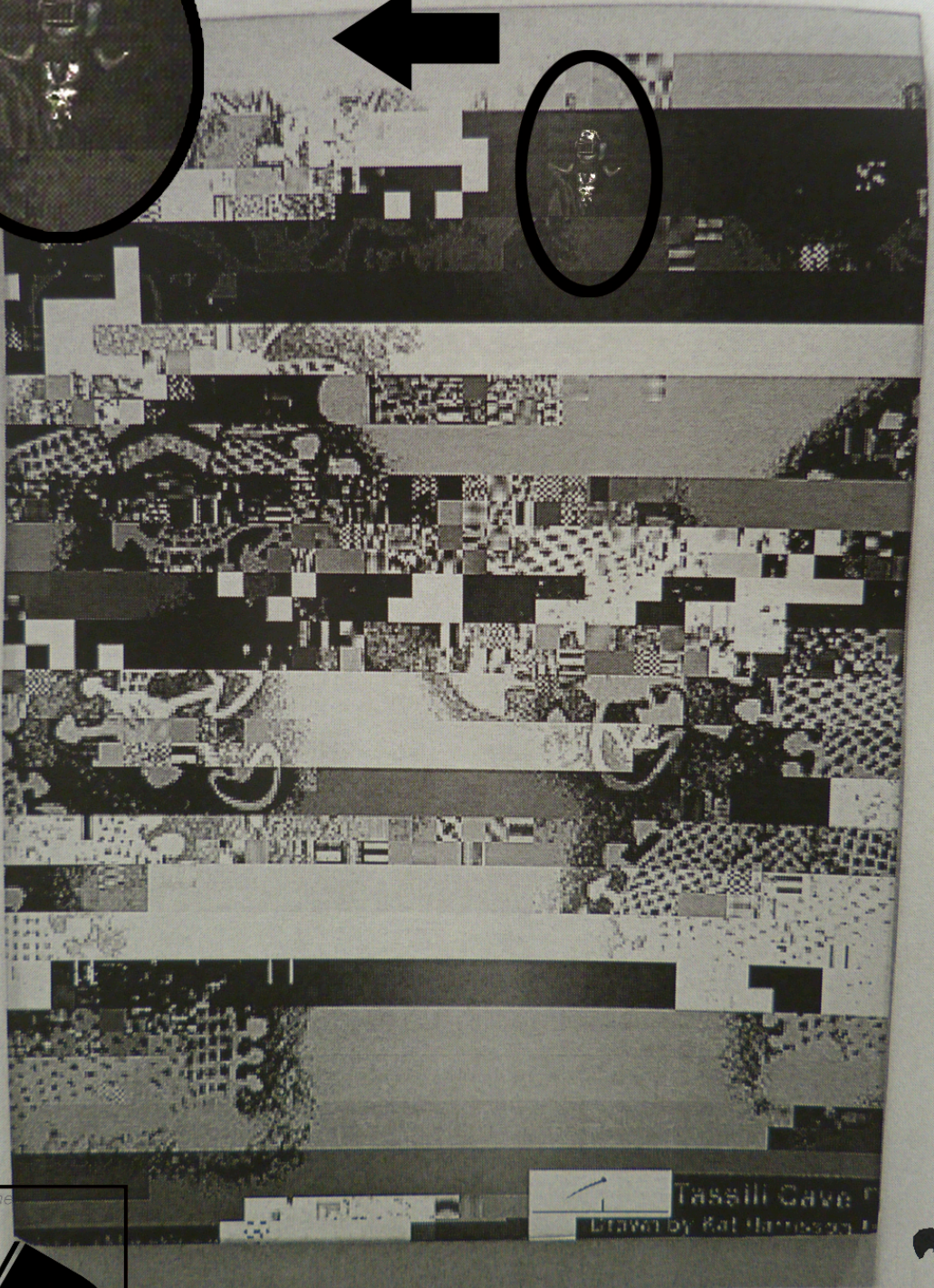


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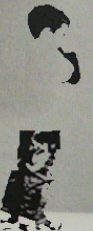
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Tassili Cave
Drawn by Kat Harmsen

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THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE



EPISODE 9. *Regular opinions involve circular question*

Hidden [redacted] to connect [redacted]
[redacted] Boss [redacted]
[redacted] artist [redacted] question
mark [redacted] clues by the lack expressed in
to-fi in spite of [redacted]
paradigm. [redacted] all the
grains of sand, Pixels are the way to [redacted]
[redacted] desert of the meaning. So glitched
art [redacted] under the
light of big question. Artist reproduces [redacted]
[redacted] the map emerged from his
link to power [redacted] coexist with
question? He spreads its effect along History. [redacted]
fertilizes times as he gets rid of [redacted]
[redacted] tendency [redacted]
Present to disguise the playfield of Gods [redacted]
Heroes in everyday commonplace [redacted]
trick [redacted] to perpetuate itself by
screening a highly detailed **technological**
scenario. So artist [redacted] obstacle
to avoid becoming my own [redacted]
beneficial enemy [redacted] mission to destroy him
to be grateful. Artist is my ruin, It's my duty
to destroy him. [redacted] my blessing
destruction [redacted] duty even more. To send [redacted]
the only real [redacted] can decode [redacted]

[redacted] messages have been understood [redacted]
[redacted] no dilemma suits the moment of sure verdict
of guilty [redacted] sprite [redacted] found [redacted]
[redacted] Pantocrator. Final Boss [redacted]
[redacted] fully satisfied as he only could ever, and we
[redacted] ways really knew: by murder.

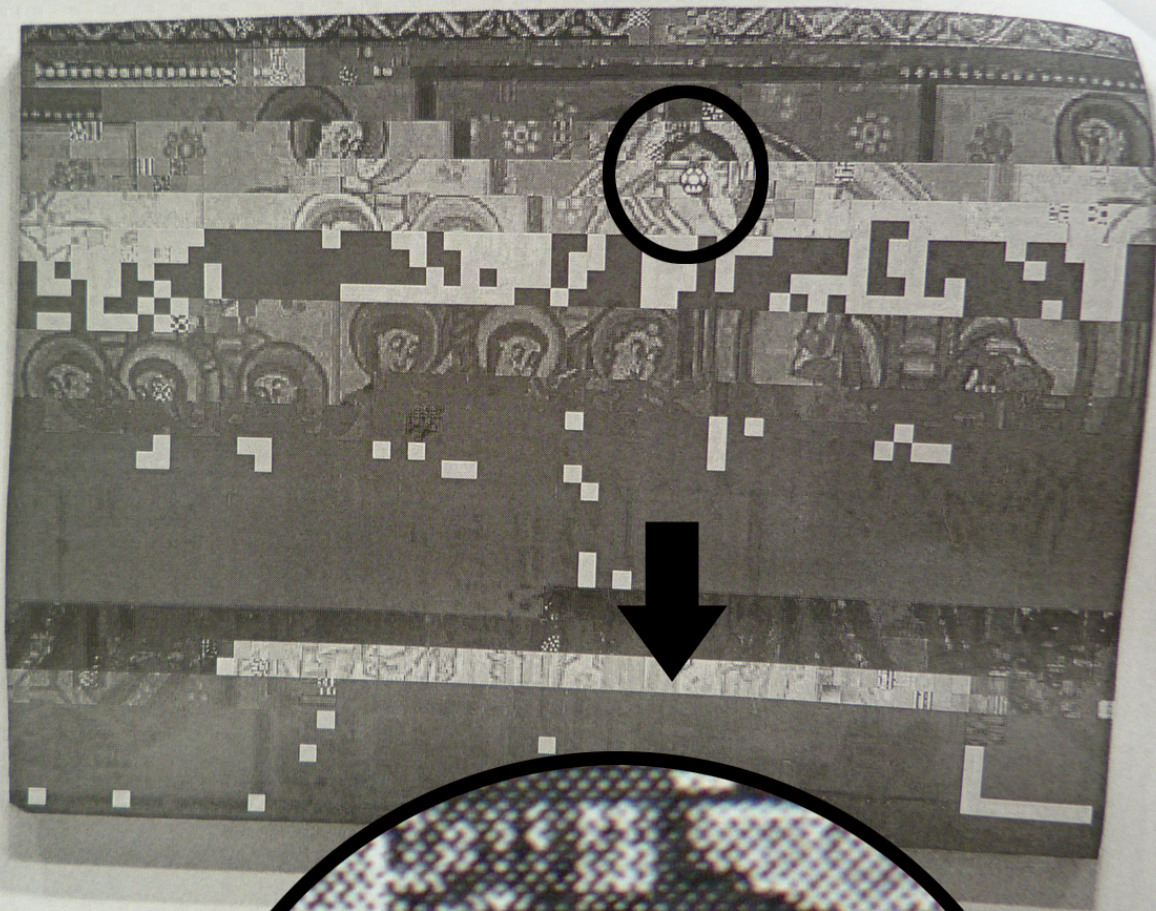
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THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

***EPISODE 10. Cannibal ways to exit from Maze** **sophagus**

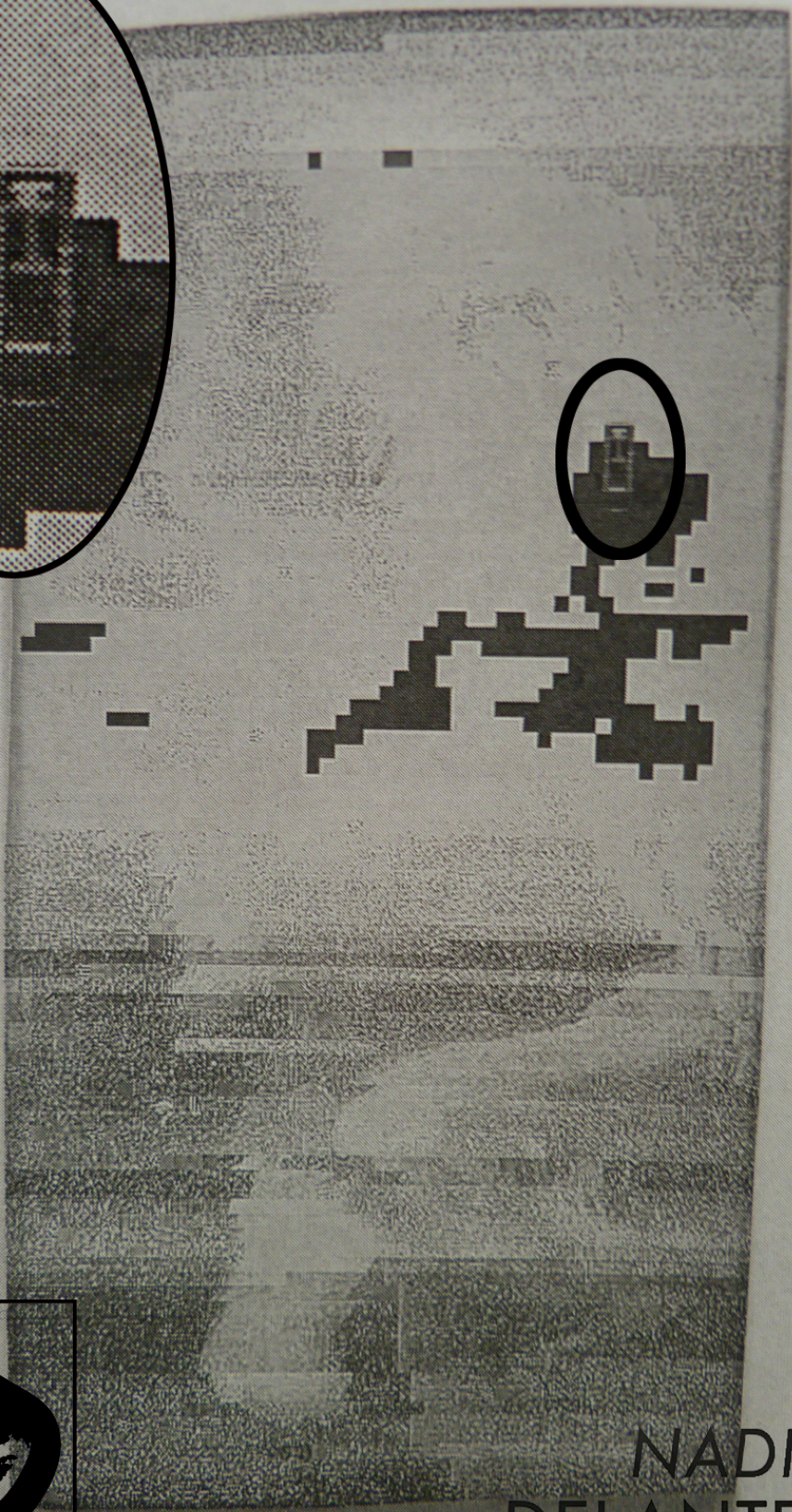
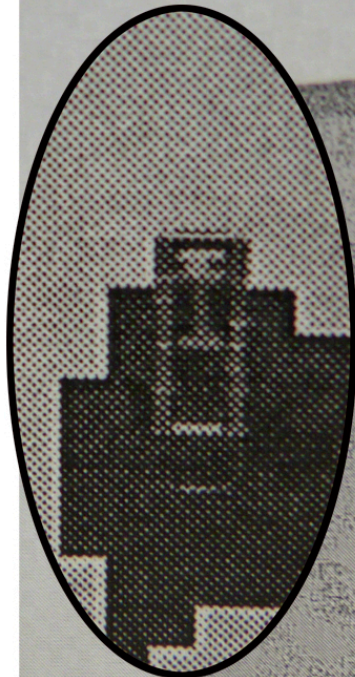
Final phones authority. Nowbody selects the **Artist** is closer to **removes unnecessary layers as** law never required extra details to **writer in capital words**. Capital is punishment shadows **converged in sprited** steps the lightness of some Avenging Angel **paints a monster eating his own** **Boss** parental alignment to Jupiter mood about **charge** **only for initiates**. Nowbody spies **to sniper**. Artist **says all is in control**. Final Boss will be defeated **betrayed**. The finger **to pull the trigger**, as **artist to be a mole**. Artist says Nowbody is doing fine, the variable **perfectly calculated** ready to sacrifice himself **information encrypted into the sprites will be preserved** pictures like a veil of historical deception. A surprised Nowbody **to point at his head** just to break the unexpected rule he embodies **Boss** situation. Artist **the window**. Final **required by hi-fi authority to elevate himself to next level**. Laugh masticates the joy of eating when everybody fills the plate of **mystery embodied by** disseminated **total war reminds casualties come from misunderstanding warrior's intention, from casual to causal as he drives himself** by the smell of human blood. **no exit but sprited** runaway becomes a piece of a **called to throne**.

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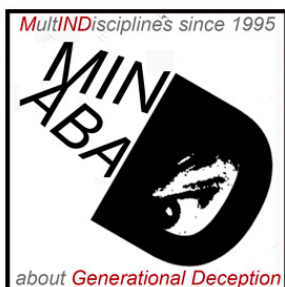
•EPISODE 11. *Personal war as own promise of new lineage*

Now [REDACTED] captured and tied up. Final [REDACTED] to him.

Don't get me wrong, war is nothing personal [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] even when your skinned flesh smells burnt by
some [REDACTED] subsequently generated deflagration. Don't
be touchy just because [REDACTED] destroys
your whole body, because weapons never [REDACTED] built
especially for you. War [REDACTED] never personal [REDACTED] get me
wrong! nothing personal IS war please, get me right. War is
ONLY personal affirmation of negation and nothing more, and it
can ONLY affect you as collateral. You are not ONLY a son of
war, but just ONLY its nephew. And NOTHING MORE. Please
understand [REDACTED] more in nothing [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] To be ONLY nephews of war [REDACTED] sons of a new time.
[REDACTED] where you are extremely close in lineage to
a God far beyond from EVERYTHING. [REDACTED] fact [REDACTED] son of
nothing. New time [REDACTED] chance to be no more close part
apart of [REDACTED] but to be distant [REDACTED] closer God [REDACTED] only a
nephew of god just to be son of Nephilims .

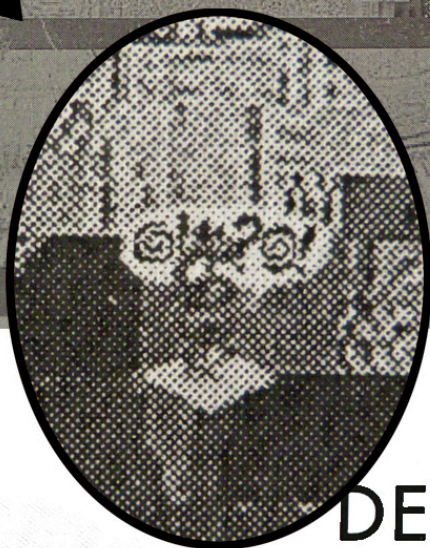
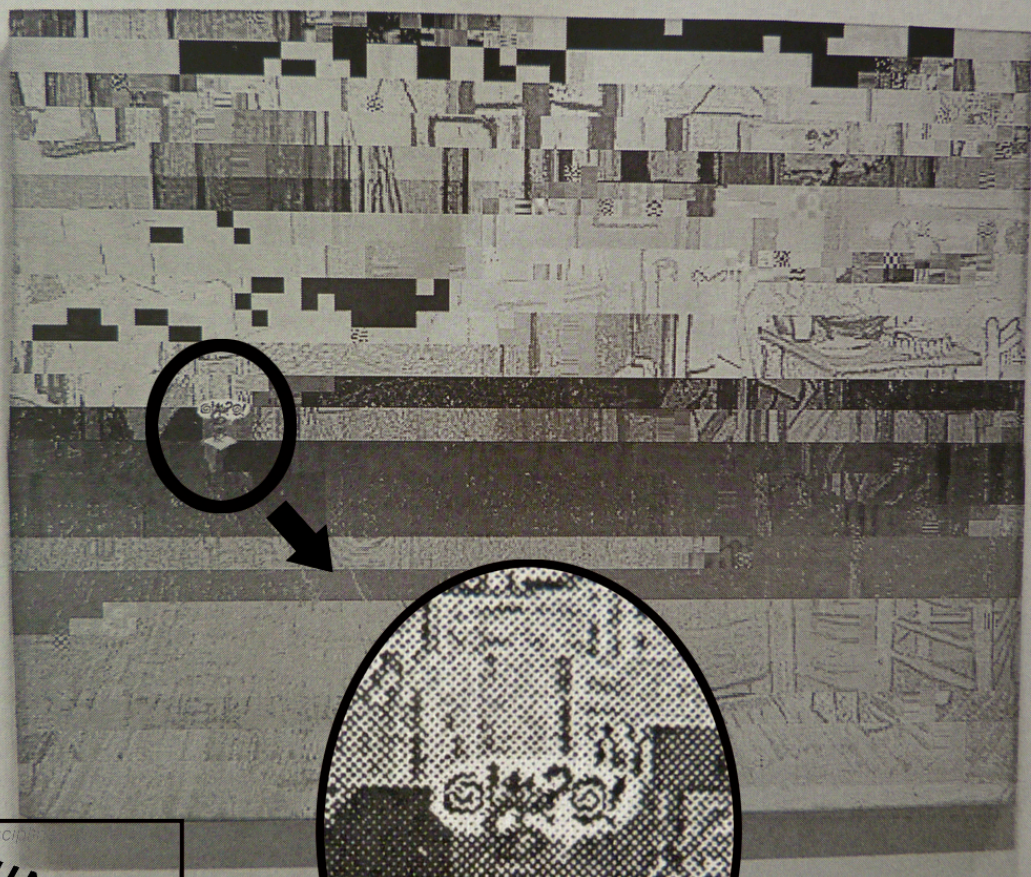
[REDACTED] which seems [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] in charge [REDACTED] the first time Nowbody sees the so
called Hi-Fi Authority [REDACTED] privilege [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] around NOAH staff like a vague myth [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Giant?

[REDACTED] new deal we offer you, Nowbody [REDACTED] our
family .



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THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 12. *Brave new pretexts to protest & claim for one
ly world*

Bubble is the emerging [redacted] from the triumph of pretext.
Pretext always asks for another [redacted], but lineage of [redacted]
already started from one pretext, fails to [redacted] enough value to
raise any [redacted] free to [redacted] self-interest [redacted]
instrumental perspective. Coin is inserted to start the [redacted],
[redacted] ask the gamer for more coins to reach the
seeming ultimate [redacted]. The game starts and shows [redacted]
expelling [redacted] to defend [redacted]
are circled as pretext to keep on [redacted] who asks you
for more coins. Pretext is your enemy, and you don't find
another way to sustain the idea of [redacted], captured in a bubble
like [redacted], that's all the world it
knows. One world is [redacted] building light bubbled
pretexts, while old heavy skyscrapers collapse. Pretext is any
[redacted] ready to, pretext [redacted] in one circular [redacted] like one
[redacted] to [redacted] the only one [redacted] result from this [redacted]:
a generation [redacted] by Bubble Bobble now rests in Van Gogh's
bedroom, deaf forever to no other [redacted] sirens
announcing that police cars [redacted]
[redacted] for people who is [redacted] break the
bubble of pretexts, so to conclude they can think about their
own [redacted]. But in some [redacted] Nobody feels [redacted]
blows into his mind to understand there are as many worlds as
possible games to play. And the game he chooses to play is to
defend this idea [redacted] no pretext at all.

SCORE(1) HI-SCORE SCORE(2)

PLAY

GALAXY WARS

INSERT COIN

(1 OF 2 PLAYERS)

11 PLAYER 1 COIN

12 PLAYERS 2 COINS

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PLAY

GALAXY WARS

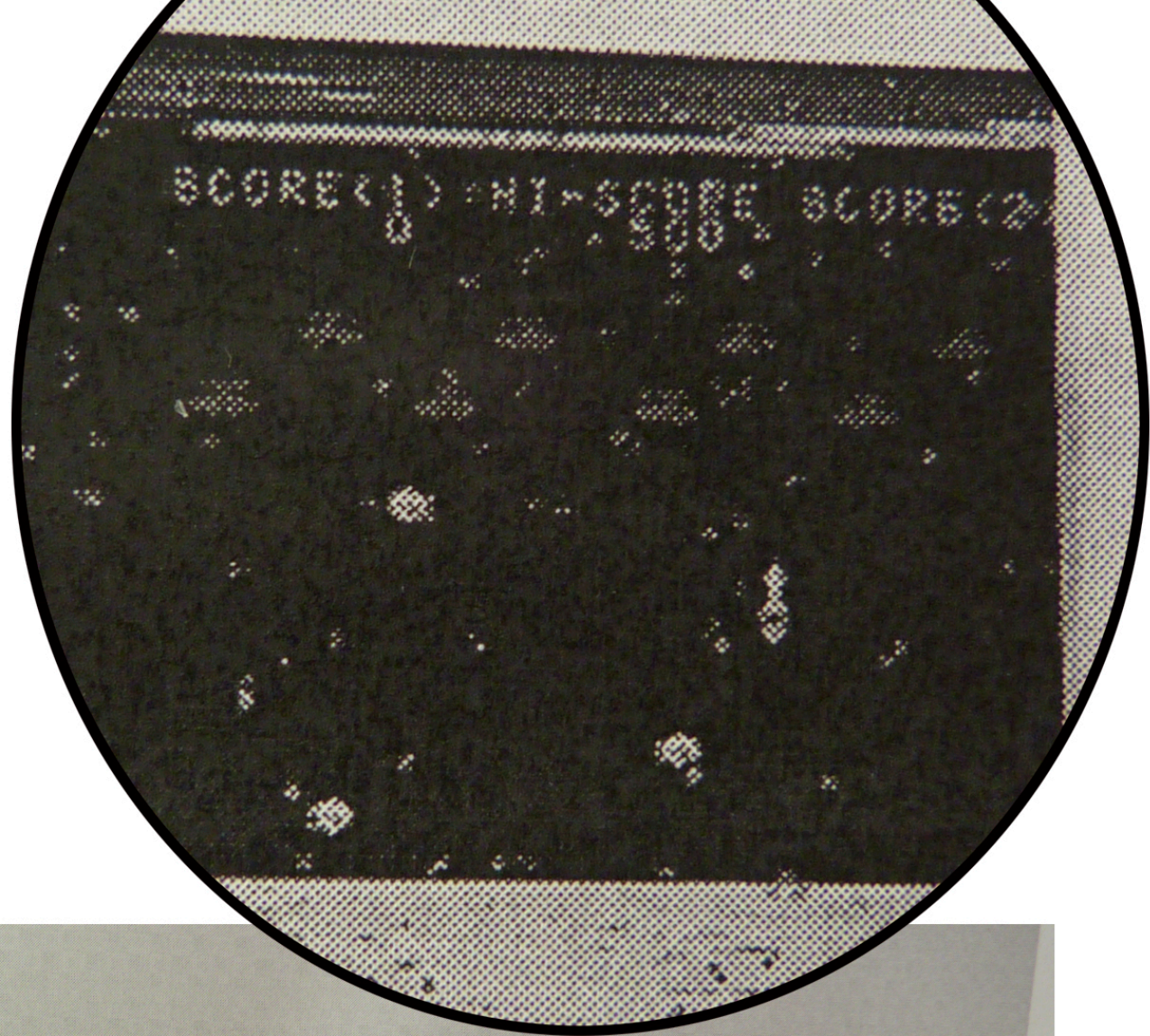
INSERT COIN

(1 OF 2 PLAYERS)

11 PLAYER 1 COIN

12 PLAYERS 2 COINS

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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 13. *Pixelated Pixels the threshold of Hell's Square.*

body penetrates NOAH to check ultimate evidences a short-lived fault in a system describes a transient fault that corrects itself, and is therefore difficult to troubleshoot. Particular initiative is an undesired transition that occurs before the signal settles to its intended value. In other words, Nobody's is an electrical pulse of short duration the result of a fault or design error. Obviously in a poorly designed digital logic circuit, Nobody can occur in the presence of condition, and then the subject becomes Glitchman, a minor fault which will soon be rectified.

factual statement that Final Boss fault is to blame for a system failure. Incorrectly written instructions, undetected invalid input data, undetected communications errors are only a few of mistakes detected. And while Nobody eludes switch computers, Final Boss is doomed to a new level of grandeur by Hi-Fi infection. Final Boss fills now almost the whole screen, as he waits for Glitchman over his own new routine, designed to Nobody.

The analysis new search to glitch already pixelated the jump to square is the key concede problem the right to exist exhaust him by its over-exploitation, never to show any refusal but with him till the end. To already images, and then a new will be.

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Undetectable vertical scroll brings [REDACTED] territory. Glitchman! , [REDACTED] claims, too questions for a simple man turns his mind into an error, like those sprites you would never find, you would never consider but as an illusion. I told you it was only pareidolia, and you should focus on Mona Lisa's smile [REDACTED] [REDACTED] able to disable that device by your only personal right to opinion? Who are you to [REDACTED] a trick that worked for centuries? Simply a glitch, you're Glitchman [REDACTED] hoots. Now-body dodges [REDACTED] study Final Boss' movements while computer [REDACTED] tracing possible already [REDACTED]

Screen is full of [REDACTED]. Computer detects [REDACTED] Dali [REDACTED] [REDACTED] ambiguous image [REDACTED] beloved Gala [REDACTED] blocks building [REDACTED] [REDACTED] Lincoln [REDACTED] pixels, now re-pixelated by computer [REDACTED] ultimate clue. Final Boss and Glitchman [REDACTED] Good gunners: both [REDACTED] on the floor [REDACTED] Boss seems to be dead. Nowbody feels to lose [REDACTED] eyes shut down, [REDACTED] can see [REDACTED] re-pixelated portrait of the power, a super-sprite: one big bloody face fighting his own descent to the final level of Doom [REDACTED] now reality fades to [REDACTED] perhaps [REDACTED] not [REDACTED] enough lucky to rest in peace forever.

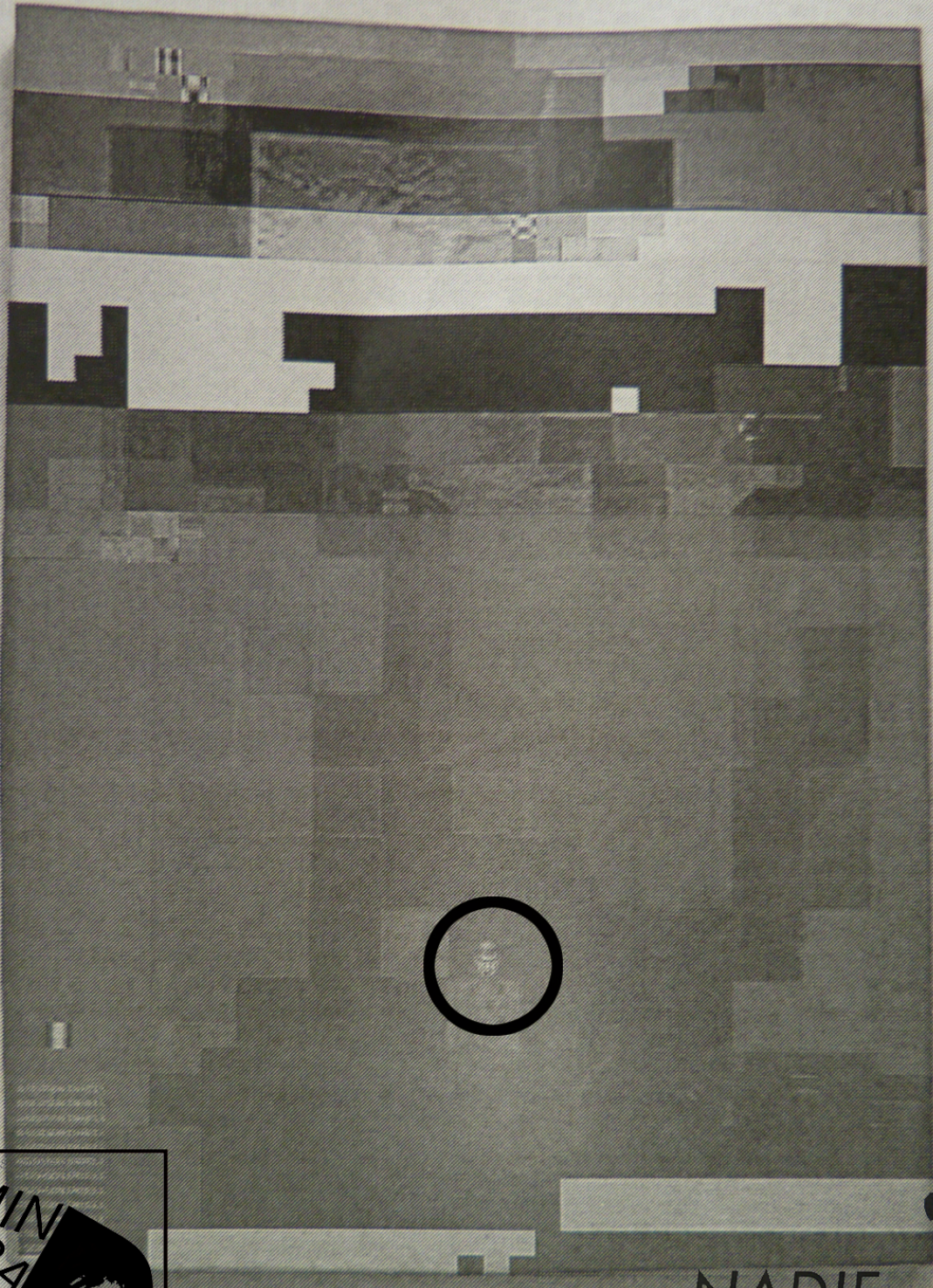
EPILOGUE Hidden [REDACTED] behind the big computer, the Artist [REDACTED] already smoking gun [REDACTED] away from the screen asking [REDACTED] mission finishes when he signs the pictures. Hi-Fi [REDACTED] but his phone [REDACTED] among the debris [REDACTED] the question now glitches [REDACTED] turn him [REDACTED] most obsolete weapon of H story.

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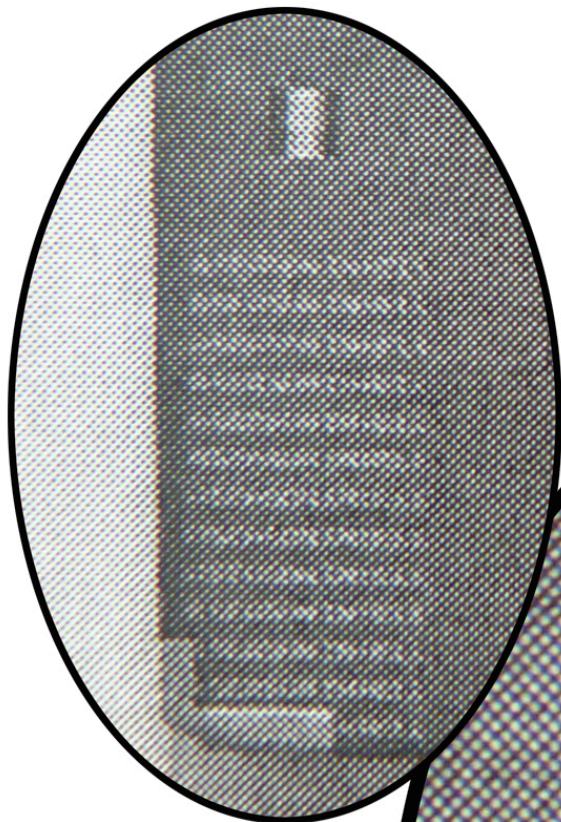
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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 1. *Pitfall in love*

12/11/10... An anomaly is found at NOAH. According to routine inspection tasks, Scanners filter some noise during massive data trace. Agent Now jokes about identifying similarities between the shape of the noise and Pitfall sprite, so recalling one of his childhood's favorite classic arcade video games. An *extra bonus smile* surrounds the joke, as chance wants the noise to be discovered in the *overexploited context* of Mona Lisa's reproduction. In the end, *from similarity to smilearity*, some secret remains *hidden in displacement*, as F Boss decides to consider the possible case nothing more than *pareidolia*.

•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 2. *Something pongs Marilyn's memory*

Femininity's the mother of all mysteries, and a new anomaly is revealed into some pixelate-filtered picture of Warhol's Marilyn reproduction. While Nowbody insists in taking the account about , Agent tends to disconsider the option, *as usual*. The point is no sprite at all can be discovered into pixel, as *pixel is the minimum measure* to create sprites. As argues, Nowbody is considering the reverse of the information universe, as in physical atoms could be built from molecules. *Impossible. To refocus in consensus is the target* and Final Boss keeps silent about this nonsense dilemma, *even in spite of redundancy's gaining currency*. And *the new coin is inserted*.

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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 3. Abu Simbel Pre-reprofanation

One time: Coincidence. Two times: Pattern. Three times: Programme. That's the logic works, and all the lights switch shockingly on when the Analysis Team headed by Nobody at the Nobody Ahead Institute, discovers a new spirited anomaly in random glitched information. What cannot happen seems to be happening, and the very first insight suggests all kind of meta-considerations on what's unbelievably happening. It immerses more and more beyond proper tech's existence to make capable own belief. , the new-spirited-shaped-seeming-noise is revealed in Ancient Egypt papyrus reproduction, which sincerely talking in Final Boss. , can be only considered as the fucking annoying ultimate evidence (we were looking for?) . time the anomaly not only shows itself in clear shape, but it includes some obvious will to ironically appeal to its discoverer's cool mood boundaries, even as simple bad joke. Who, how, when, why and all the basic questions in their most radical expression, fuel right now the strength , as Final Boss is going to take some decision his own right to play into the illusion of the power invested whom by chance appears incarnating the never-resting eye of destiny.

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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 4. Enter artist painted ment

Enter the artist. [redacted] Final Boos decides to incorporate [redacted] to the Analysis Team [redacted] by Nobody. What a painter can contribute to enhance the conclusions emerged from a yet firmly established highly sophisticated analysis team, it is something still to discover. But that's the way Final Bosses uses to take decisions, and this is nothing but [redacted] the last one in a long line of defiant series. Anyway [redacted] meanwhile [redacted] sprites [redacted] discovered in *Las Meninas* [redacted] only [redacted] old and new data according to routine. Femininity seems to be [redacted] maybe closing the precedent picture [redacted] some of her more bizarre [redacted] Painter selfportraits too [redacted] by hiding to be object of himself in showing the being only by [redacted] mirror reflection [redacted] not of his property. And maybe this explanation already includes the total role of the new team member in the whole [redacted] encrypted as intuition turns [redacted] ape [redacted] insist on [redacted] between Good and Evil as correlative permutations of Science and Art. And somewhere in this way [redacted] blocked and squared, suddenly sprites himself in a new level of his own game.

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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 5. *Split Screen-Sistine*

From first anomaly [redacted] inventory suggests [redacted] to scan [redacted] masterpiece [redacted] *Pengo! The Creation of Adam* [redacted] reveals some encrypted sprites far beyond nonsense coincidence [redacted] Nobody's discernment, highly influenced by the rhythm of discoveries and maybe falling into some downward spiral of fevered paranoia. The Team feels [redacted] to think about the Mastermind behind of this crazy game [redacted] anticipating the surprised reaction of [redacted] [redacted] the creative touch between God and Adam fingers converted in persecutor. Ghos [redacted] escaping <Pao Man respectively [redacted] too coarse for so sophisticated effort. But that's the [redacted] same about this annoying painter [redacted] suggesting aesthetical reasons to explain [redacted] mystery, out of any rational [redacted] [redacted] annoying [redacted] need [redacted] consequently [redacted] his flourished remark as some transversal [redacted] though the deepest **inner**-Nobody damns it.

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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 6. *Collagpse*

Nowbody [redacted] meeting [redacted] Final Boss
office [redacted] reconsider his decision
[redacted] the artist to the team. It doesn't make
[redacted] Just because the object to study [redacted] recurrent
pieces of art, there's no reason to reproduce [redacted] by
painting them. [redacted] inscrutable
expression in the [redacted] pixelating his ideas to him. I
understand there's always something usable in new variables,
and now we know now we know the extreme range of rich
deviation growing up from seeming neutral reflection to
destructive creation, and vice versa but you [redacted]
obvious [redacted] doesn't fit. [redacted]
explain himself as long as he needs, and then shows [redacted] the
last work of the artist [redacted]

[redacted] I know
Nowbody All what you're telling makes sense, and I've
seriously been weighing up to reverse the decision But you
know Please, look at this [redacted] finger points at one
small [redacted] square, a single pixel [redacted]
[redacted] Look at this Nowbody Do you see? Nowbody focus
[redacted] trying to discover [redacted]
hidden clue, but he sees nothing. And Final Boss [redacted]
[redacted] For [redacted] wanted to see a whole sky into
[redacted] that moment the artist paints at the studio a pixelated
remake of Munch's The Scream, [redacted] mouth
full of tetris pieces, suffocated as [redacted] beginnin [redacted] Arcade
Mayhem invariably forecasts ultimate collapse.

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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 7. *Fear of a Black Squared Hole*

Black Squared Hole is swallowing doubtful Robots, [redacted] frame [redacted] some distant point of view by their falling to [redacted] as *spriting* the division between [redacted]. It's an old image to [redacted] mechanic children [redacted] to unplug at night. [redacted] awakes for all of them, but [redacted] something you learn only by monthly experience of salvation. [redacted] program [redacted] supplied invariably once a day by News about recurrent [redacted] ism. Rhythm must not be forced.

Nowbody's mind has been forced. His logic raped by the reasons of Art. His physical order crossed, and interrupted, and stained by buckets of acrylic painting. [redacted] keeps awake for [redacted] sleep on safe feelings. Nowbody [redacted] unplugged; his confidence broken by [redacted] lack [redacted] to any standard approach. H [redacted] e gone mad? [redacted] testing us? [redacted] domestic test? [redacted] domesticating us? [redacted] and I am wrong [redacted] cannot figure why? [redacted] artist Is he a mole? [redacted] to sabotage us by his only presence? [redacted] word [redacted] enough disruptive weapon to destroy integrity by the force of opinion? Viral feelings [redacted] when fake unnecessary solution becomes central [redacted], swallowing doubtful [redacted] like a Black Squared Hole painted in the mind of mechanic children, to be able to unplug themselves. To rest in pieces until tomorrow comes with new circuits of the same old ever-work where suddenly, Final Boss secretly thinks that Rhythm must be forced.

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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 8. Coined self-images recovered in T██████████ Area

Sequence ██████████ pulses from the tape decodes zeros and ones by simple and reliable modulation without constant clock rate. During loading process, the border flashes ██████████ stripes for the data blocks. Different messages display information and details about the file type. Loading error message ██████████ as disabling Audio filter was not reminded. Revelation ██████████ aborted. Sprite is found ██████████ ██████████ cave-painting ██████████ will not ██████████ dirty his hands of red painting this time to simulate the technique; he will use blood from some ancient side: **literal crime**. All is too ██████████, conspiracy seems too ██████████. Suspicion is ██████████ at this point, almost a ██████████ spies everybody in the farm, Final Boss seems to enjoy the situation. No real. Bluff. Fear. ██████████ tried ██████████ ██████████ but ██████████ broke like some Spectrum game loading, so ██████████ again. Audio filter receives ██████████ ██████████ trigger. A shoot but this time, weakness was advantage.

Nowbody escapes ██████████ Sequence of pulses from the heart. Brain decodes by simple reliable modulation with constant clock rate. During running process, his sight flashes with ██████████ stripes ██████████ messages display information and details ██████████ danger. Now he knows it's real and feels better. Revelation is achieved. No more fake loadings when game is played in the land of the Lord. Please Nowbody run ██████████ right direction, as no other scroll that from left to right would please the caprice of the Nephilim, the coin-makers of some forgotten Beginning Boss.

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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 9. Regular opinions involve circular question

Hidden [redacted] to connect [redacted]
Boss [redacted] artist [redacted]
[redacted] question mark [redacted] clues by the lack expressed in
lo-fi in spite of [redacted] paradigm.
[redacted] all the grains of sand, Pixels are
the way to [redacted] desert of the meaning. So glitched
art [redacted] under the light of big
question. Artist reproduces [redacted] the
map emerged from his link to power [redacted] coexist
with question? He spreads its effect along History. [redacted]
fertilizes times as he gets rid of [redacted]
[redacted] tendency [redacted] Present to disguise the
playfield of Gods [redacted] Heroes in everyday commonplace [redacted]
trick [redacted] to perpetuate itself by screening
a highly detailed technological scenario. So artist [redacted]
[redacted] obstacle to avoid becoming my own [redacted]
beneficial enemy [redacted] mission to destroy him to be
grateful. Artist is my ruin, It's my duty to destroy him.
[redacted] my blessing [redacted] destruction [redacted] duty even more. To
send [redacted] the only real [redacted] can decode [redacted]
sprited messages have been understood [redacted] no dilemma
suits the moment of sure verdict of guilty [redacted] sprite
[redacted] found [redacted] Pantoocrator. Final Boss [redacted] entirely
satisfied as he only could ever, and we always really knew: by
murder.

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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 10. *Cannibal ways to exit from Nase* **sophagus**

Final phones authority. Nowbody selects the . Artist is closer to removes unnecessary layers as law never required extra details to written in **capital words**. Capital is punishment shadowing converged in sprited steps the lightness of some Avenging Angel paints a monster eating his own **Boss** parental alignment to Jupiter mood about charge only for initiates. Nowbody spies to sniper. Artist says all is in control, Final Boss will be defeated betrayer. The finger to pull the trigger, as artist to be a mole. Artist says Nowbody is doing fine, the variable perfectly calculated ready to sacrifice himself information encrypted into the sprites will be preserved pictures like a veil of historical deception. A surprised Nowbody to point at his head, just to break the unexpected rule he embodies Boss situation. Artist the window. Final required by hi-fi authority to elevate himself to next level. Laugh masticates the joy of eating when everybody fills the plate of mystery embodied by disseminated total war reminds casualties come from misunderstanding warrior's intention, from casual to causal as he drives himself by the smell of human blood. simple random will of individual, but a tool of fate into mazes no exit but sprited runaway becomes a piece of a called to throne.

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•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

•EPISODE 11. *Personal war as own promise of new lineage*

Now [REDACTED] captured and tied up. Final [REDACTED] to him.

Don't get me wrong, war is nothing personal [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] even when your skinned flesh smells burnt by
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't be touchy just because [REDACTED] destroys
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wrong: nothing personal IS war please, get me right. War is
ONLY personal affirmation of negation and nothing more, and it
can ONLY affect you as collateral. You are not ONLY a son of
war, but just ONLY its nephew. And NOTHING MORE. Please
understand [REDACTED] more in nothing [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] To be ONLY nephews of war [REDACTED] sons of a new time.
[REDACTED] where you are extremely close in lineage to
a God far beyond from EVERYTHING. [REDACTED] fact [REDACTED] son of
nothing. New time [REDACTED] chance to be no more close part
apart of [REDACTED] but to be distant [REDACTED] closer God [REDACTED] only a
nephew of god just to be son of Nephilims .

[REDACTED] which seems [REDACTED]
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called Hi-Fi Authority [REDACTED] privilege [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] around NOAH staff like a vague myth [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Giant?

[redacted] new deal we offer you, Nowbody [redacted] our family .

[redacted]
[redacted]
[redacted] and Nowbody [redacted] free. He escapes [redacted]
[redacted] his someplace nirvana ready to reality war-mind.

Excuse me Final Boss but [redacted] life from my body against my consent is still personal [redacted]
[redacted] to defend myself as please don't get me [redacted] to be inhabited by my own spirit .

THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

EPISODE 12. *Brave new pretexts to protest & claim for one ly world*

Bubble is the emerging [redacted] from the triumph of pretext. Pretext always asks for another [redacted], but lineage of [redacted] already started from one pretext, fails to [redacted] enough value to raise any [redacted] free to [redacted] self-interest [redacted] [redacted] instrumental perspective. Coin is inserted to start the [redacted], [redacted] ask the gamer for more coins to reach the seeming ultimate [redacted]. The game starts and shows [redacted] expelling [redacted] to defend [redacted] are circled as pretext to keep on [redacted] who asks you for more coins. Pretext is your enemy, and you don't find another way to sustain the idea of [redacted], captured in a bubble like [redacted], that's all the world it knows. One world is [redacted] building light bubbled pretexts, while old heavy skyscrapers collapse. Pretext is any [redacted] ready to pretext [redacted] in one circular [redacted] like one [redacted] to [redacted] the only one [redacted] result from this [redacted]: a generation [redacted] by Bubble Bobble now rests in Van Gogh's bedroom, deaf forever to no other [redacted] sirens announcing that police cars [redacted] [redacted] for people who is [redacted] break the bubble of pretexts, so to conclude they can think about their own [redacted]. But in some [redacted] Nowbody feels [redacted] blows into his mind to understand there are as many worlds as possible games to play. And the game he chooses to play is to defend this idea [redacted] no pretext at all.

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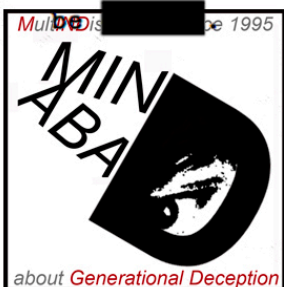
•THE SPRITE INTO THE PIXEL. SEASON ONE

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Undetectable vertical scroll brings [redacted] territory. Glitchman! , [redacted] claims, too questions for a simple man turns his mind into an error, like those sprites you would never find, you would never consider but as an illusion. I told you it was only pareidolia, and you should focus on Mona Lisa's smile [redacted] [redacted] able to disable that device by your only personal right to opinion? Who are you to [redacted] a trick that worked for centuries? Simply a glitch, you're Glitchman [redacted] hoots. Now-body dodges [redacted] study Final Boss' movements while computer [redacted] tracing possible already [redacted]

Screen is full of [redacted]. Computer detects [redacted] Dali [redacted] [redacted] ambiguous image [redacted] beloved Gala [redacted] blocks building [redacted] [redacted] Lincoln [redacted] pixels, now re-pixelated by computer [redacted] ultimate clue. Final Boss and Glitchman [redacted] Good gunners: both [redacted] on the floor [redacted] Boss seems to be dead. Nowbody feels to lose [redacted] eyes shut down, [redacted] can see [redacted] re-pixelated portrait of the power, a super-sprite: one big bloody face fighting his own descent to the final level of Doom [redacted] now reality fades to [redacted] perhaps [redacted] not [redacted] enough lucky to rest in peace forever.

EPIC LOG [redacted] Hidden [redacted] behind the big computer, the Artist [redacted] already smoking gun [redacted] away from the screen asking [redacted] mission finishes when he signs the pictures. Hi-Fi [redacted] but his phone [redacted] among the debris [redacted] the question now glitches [redacted] turn him [redacted] most obsolete weapon of the story.

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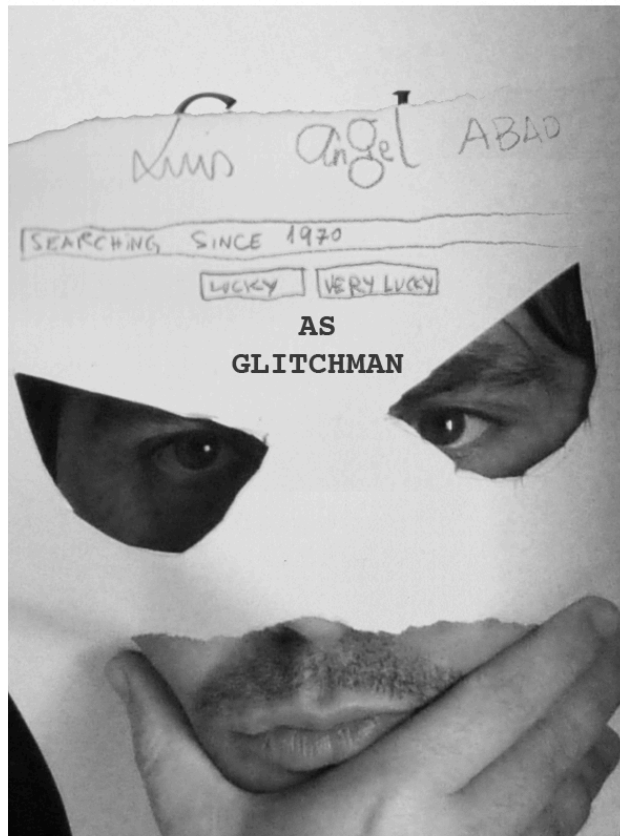
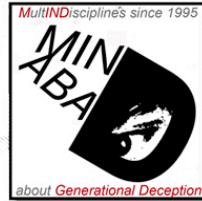


the sprite into the pixel 2010-2012

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auto
leaked
auto
exposed
auto
spied
the artist



a mole?

<http://multindisciplinas-abad.tumblr.com/>